# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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**National Anti-Slavery Standard.**

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AARON M. POWELL, *Editor.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Special Editorial Contributor.*

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## *HORACE GREELEY AND GERRIT SMITH.*

LETTER FROM ORSON S. MURRAY, ESQ.

*To the Editor of the Standard:*

It is undesirable to be under the necessity of criticising men of acknowledged goodness. But the errors of such men, left unexposed, are sometimes more dangerous—more deleterious—than the errors of worse men. It is incumbent on all the friends of truth and righteousness to be faithful in criticising each other.

Gerrit Smith and Horace Greeley have been talking in the South. Horace Greeley has been helping Jefferson Davis out of limbo, and in that act has been doing Andrew Johnson signal service, relieving him of a burthen he despotically and iniquitously took upon his own hands, and that better have been left for him to make his own disposal of. My understanding of the case is, that Johnson relieved Davis from trial by Military Commission—the only Court that had any proper jurisdiction of the case—the only Court capable of doing the case justice. Why relieve Johnson of this responsibility?

Horace Greeley has deep concern for the honor of the government. If his concern could reach deeply enough to effect something toward the appointment, the establishment, and the administration of *good* government, it would be well. One of the great weaknesses of this strong man is, he wastes much of his blind strength in conserving government "as it is," instead of using effective, thorough measures for making it what it should be. Making his doctrine of availability paramount, he is often securing the selection and election of such candidates as Andrew Johnson; and when he gets them on his hands he goes to work to make their honor identical with that of the government. The result is, the government gets debased and corrupted, in this labor for the exaltation of its unworthy creators and administrators.

Horace Greeley is too much a politician. He lacks faith in practical righteousness. He loves it. He longs for its triumph. But he has not full faith in it, as a thing for him to put himself in identity with. He cannot rise practically to the highest idea of human fidelity. He shrinks from the costliness. Is apprehensive that it will be personally too expensive. With him, success is merit. To be identified with success in the wrong is preferable to being identified with failure in the right. To him, full, persistent, unyielding, abiding rectitude is weakness—is foolishness. He finds his strength in proneness. To Horace Greeley, whoever presumes to stand erect in unconquered manhood, and to rebuke wrong in all high places, calling for the displacement of all essentially wrong doers, is irreverent—is egotistic—is wanting in wisdom. Horace Greeley believes that "the powers that be are ordained of God"—that "whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and [that] they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation." The "damnation" he believes in is no future punishment, but ever present terror, lest his political enemy beat him in policy—out-wit him and get advantage. His supreme power is caucus. His faith being and abiding in all these and concomitant things, instead of consenting to the displacement of the drunken, demoniac miscreant ordained by caucus to rule over us, he must necessarily go about relieving the wretch of his self-imposed burdens. My suggestion for Horace Greeley's consideration is, that Andrew Johnson and Jefferson Davis, by their own acts, were in worthy relations to each other, and worthy to be left in those relations without his interference for the relief of both or either.

In the meeting addressed by Horace Greeley and Gerrit Smith, in Richmond, in connection with the Davis-liberation tour, Gerrit Smith is reported as having said:

"He didn't call Southern people traitors. There were wise and just solutions of their conduct which saved them and their posterity from the name of traitors. True, in the incipient stage of the rebellion he had looked upon them as traitors; but when they had advanced into the depths of civil war, when they had a *de facto* government with the same machinery as that of the United States government, they were no longer traitors, but stood on the same ground as the United States stood."

Here again is the doctrine that success is merit. When these conspirators against human freedom launched the sanguine struggle, Gerrit Smith looked upon them as traitors; but in the height of this conspiracy for perpetuating piracy, plunder, ravishment and all cruelty and inhumanity, "they were no longer traitors."

Of course, if they had succeeded they would have accomplished a meritorious, praiseworthy work—would have been the benefactors of mankind. Of course, the defeated, downtrodden United States government would have been a fallen, overthrown despotism, resistance to whose tyrannous requirements would have been obedience to the God of Christendom. Such is the conclusion these unrepentant conspirators must be carried to by such concessions from Gerrit Smith, who has travelled all the way down there to tell them of his yearnings for restoration of loving relations between those who are earnestly about the work of rising out of brutal conditions and discarding beastly connections, and a "generation of vipers" who are full grown in base proportions and propensities, have lived beyond the years of susceptibility, and are bound during their natural lives to wriggle in the grass, always ready to strike and sting whenever there is opportunity. It is in my nature and cherished self-culture to be averse to using uncharitable comparisons or unphilosophical language; but the formidable facts are before us, as to the bent and determination of this generation, born in iniquity, bred in tyranny, and bound to rule or ruin.

If Gerrit Smith could not talk better than he did in Richmond about treason, it seems to me he better not have talked about treason. If he could not use language better for their hearing and special benefit, expressive of his views of the work that was done by conspirators for the defeat of "republican form of government"—for holding the masses chained in ignorance—for the suppression of the developing spirit of freedom on this continent—for the extension and establishment of the reign of unrighteousness on this planet—it appears to me that silence would have been more serviceable at this juncture.

What did he mean? What could he mean? These questions have troubled me continually, since I read the report of his speech. I have read the sentences over and over, and can get no relief. With me, traitor is not a favorite or chosen word. It does not mean enough. It does not come up to my idea of the enormousness of the crime. If the Southern proceeding, from beginning to end, was not treason against the United States government—if it was at any time less than such treason—it does appear to me that it must be worse than waste of words to undertake any definition of such treason. To me, it was not only the height, the perfection of such treason—it was unspeakably more—it was infinitely more. The government was so imperfect a thing—so questionable a thing—so undefined and indefinable a thing—that war against it might have been a crime, or it might have been a virtue, in the convictions of those who hold that human destinies are properly to be settled by war. To all such, a direct war for revolutionizing the government and putting away its unparalleled oppression, would have been a virtue. Of course, to all such—and more to those who abhor all war—a war like that which the South waged—a war, as it was, for the suppression of the spirit of the age; for the compression and repression of brains; for the prevention of development—was incomparably worse than only treason against the United States government, which was half on the side of the conspirators.

"Stood on the same ground as the United States stood." What can this language mean? Does it mean that they had like commendable purposes and motives in relation to human welfare? Does it mean that the South were fighting for human freedom? Or does it mean that the North were not fighting for anything better than the South were fighting for? Does it mean that the South were not aiming to make our government a worse oppression than even it had been? Or does it mean that the North had no better aims than the South in this regard? Does it mean that the South and the North were alike in their measures—in their perjuries, their perfidies, their piracies, in their wholesale murder of prisoners in prisons by starvation,—treatment ten thousand times more atrocious than to have shot them down by regiments the moment they surrendered themselves into their power?

The men to whom Gerrit Smith was talking to conciliate, were men who are now glorying in their achievments through these crimes and atrocities, and would be ready to-day to repeat their enormities and cruelties, and aggravate them to any and every extent, if they could see opportunity for making them effectual to the utter suppression of "Republican form of government," and the establishment of their aspired-for reign of terror.

If Gerrit Smith's "wise and just solutions of their conduct" pertained to the justification they pretend to find in the United States Constitution, still it was in direct conflict with the interpretation he has heretofore sturdily contended for; and it was not for him at this time, and in that place, to go over and join them in their contrary interpretation, if he would help them out of their hatred to human enlargement, and not strengthen them in their lingering, persistent perverseness.

ORSON S. MURRAY.

Foster's Crossing, Warren Co., Ohio, May 25, 1867.

P. S.—After the foregoing was written, THE STANDARD came, containing Wendell Phillips's deserved reprehension of Horace Greeley's course. After that came the *Tribune*, in which Horace Greeley responds to those who would have him rise out of his proneness into rectitude towards the South; but instead of listening to his friends candidly, he pronounces them "puppies," "blockheads," "hypocrites." This man has been flattered to his hurt. But they who have flattered him can now quite as well afford to be magnanimous—at least charitable—toward him, as he can toward the conspirators. This assumption in Horace Greeley need not necessarily be attributed to anything worse than intellectual obtuseness—giddiness, from the height he imagines himself to occupy, in consequence of so much bolstering, flattery. Those who have had hand in this flattery must now at least be patient under the consequences. He is going to have his "puppies" and "blockheads," if not his "hypocrites," "repent in dust and ashes before three years have passed." Well, let this be received with all proper humility—at least taken into due consideration. But with what in contemplation and anticipation this announcement is made, I am at a loss to determine. Whether he is prophesying to himself good results from his own bad conduct, or evil results from admonitions for his benefit, may be better known to him than can be divined by his readers, from his chosen words. Horace Greeley was too long closeted with Thurlow Weed and Wm. H. Seward.

Horace Greeley thinks that those who have stood in rectitude against slavery have been hinderers, while such as he have been powerful in their proneness for emancipation. He makes the statement that he and Wendell Phillips "were alike quickened into decided aggressive hostility to slavery by the murder of Elijah P. Lovejoy at Alton." He then undertakes to make it appear that his political course has achieved the great work of defeating slavery, in spite of such as Wendell Phillips to the contrary. Verily, this Polyphemus is a genuine giant—rather this giant is a genuine Polyphemus.

O. S. M.

## *A COLORED VICE-PRESIDENT.*

LETTER FROM COL. CHARLES E. MOSS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 12th, 1867

*To the Editor of the Standard:*

VIRGINIA is at this time honored with quite a number of Republican office-hunters from the North. The object of their labors just now seems to be the management and direction of its State politics. The "Senator from Natick," as Mr. Phillips designates Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, is one of the number of managers. He was down in Old Virginia some time since, and made a speech calling upon the old Whigs of that ancient Dominion to come out and reorganize and defeat the terrible Democracy. The effect of that speech was to lead John Minor Botts and a number of the ancients to attempt the organization of a "Respectable White-man's" Republican party in opposition to the Radical Union white men and negroes.

That movement caused some considerable talk, and created some ill blood among the Union men of the State, and bid fair to have very little significance other than the exhibiting the utter helplessness and insignificance of those engaged in the desperate enterprise. Although the "respectable" Convention was called to meet at Charlottville, in July, it soon became apparent that none but a few would-be leaders afflicted with Botts, could be induced to enter into the movement. In fact, it was evidently of so high a grade of respectability as to render it impossible for the negro, and Hunnicutt, Wardwell, Tucker & Co. to be admitted to active participation.

But insignificant as the affair appeared to the true Radical Union men of Virginia, it was magnified to wonderful importance outside the State. The surety for the good conduct of the ex-President of the ex-Confederacy managed to write it into a party, embracing a majority of the white Union men of the State, and so the Natick Senator, together with other equally shining lights of Republicanism, again journeyed to Richmond and assembled the ancients in council to devise some measures to compel a surrender of the Radicals to Botts, Stevens & Co. As might have been expected, the labor proved fruitless of success, and the Senator from Natick was compelled to leave Virginia with his prospects for the Vice-Presidency on the ticket with Gen. U. S. Grant in no way improved.

Speaking of Vice-Presidents, certain distinguished Senators and Representatives in Congress who have been courting the negro vote, in the expectation of getting that position, will wake up some fine morning and find themselves wonderfully mistaken. The African vote will be the ruling vote in eleven States of this Union. By the ruling vote, I mean the vote that will determine the result of the election. That fact the intelligent African understands, and is laying his plans. He understands well that without the negro vote a Republican candidate for President cannot be elected. Understanding that fact, the Africans begin to declare emphatically that the Republican party shall not use them as material for carrying elections and then turn them aside in the disposition of the public patronage. They say that furnishing votes must be reciprocated by receiving a just share of the offices. And in that they are right. It is but simple justice to those men who do the voting to grant them a fair proportion of the official positions. There are several negroes fitted for the position of Vice-President, and that race claim that the second office in the gift of the nation shall be filled by a negro. That, they say, must be accorded to the black race by the Republican party as a proof of the honesty of its profession of attachment to the principles of equal rights to all men, regardless of race or color. If that demand is refused they will consider the Republican party dishonest in its professions and vote against it in the Presidential election.

In that view the negro is right, and it is to be hoped he will put the party to that test. John M. Langston, of Ohio, is well qualified to fill the position of Vice-President, and the negro need never be ashamed of insisting upon the Republican party placing him upon the ticket as the condition of receiving their support. Such an act would complete the triumph of right and justice so far as the equality of race is concerned. It would also put an end to the trimming, intriguing conduct of white seekers for that position, and leave them at liberty to act honestly for the next four years.

Such a demand, resolutely backed up by the negro, will be sure to succeed, as the Republican party could not do without that vote. The negro vote in 1868 will number about 650,000, so scattered over eleven States as to turn the elections in such direction as they shall see fit. There are, also, about 600,000 votes in the North that would join in supporting such a nomination, and that vote is so located as to turn the elections into whatever direction they choose if eight or nine other States. The Republican party, therefore, dare not refuse to nominate Mr. Langston or some other member of the African race if that people resolutely require it. That they will require it, I have the best of reasons for believing. Stranger and infinitely more disreputable things have happened in this nation than would be the election of Wendell Phillips as President and John M. Langston as Vice-President in 1868. The Republican party would not dare refuse the nomination of this ticket if resolutely pressed.

CHARLES E. MOSS.

## *THE WHIPPING-POST IN DELAWARE.*

From the Wilmington Chronicle.

In Delaware it is still a part of the punishment for felonies to publicly expose the convict fastened to the pillory, and to publicly lash him at a whipping-post.

Twice a year the Court of General Sessions and Oyer and Terminer sits in each of the three counties of Delaware. The persons convicted of felonies are generally sentenced to be whipped and pilloried. Last Saturday, at New Castle, in this county, seven persons were thus punished!

The whipping-post is two stories high. The upper portion is the pillory. Eight feet from the ground, a platform six feet square makes standing room for two persons. Five feet above two cross bars, morticed into the whipping-post, are placed one a top the other, and in each the half of a complete circle is hollowed out for the victim's neck, and beside it one on each side for his wrists. He stands upon the platform, lays his neck and arms on the lower bar, the uper one is brought down upon it and securely wedged, and he stands fixed, his head bent forward and the whole body strained in a most painful and unnatural position. For a few moments the culprit suffers little, but in an hour the constraint becomes almost unendurable.

To undergo this portion of torture, the victim is stripped naked to the waist and his arms are pinioned around the upright post, toward which his face is turned.

The executioner is the Sheriff of the county. The unpleasant operation becomes his duty by law, and he is obliged to perform it. The repugnance to such a duty is so great that no deputy can be found willing to injure his character and become a successor to Jack Ketch fame of ancient days.

The scourge is a veritable cat-o-nine tails, the worst and most horrible whip that human ingenuity has devised. It has nine leather thongs, each about a quarter of an inch in diameter, and tapering in the length of thirty inches to a point. A handle, two feet long and an inch thick, serves to swing the leather thongs high in the air, and bring them with terrible effect on the back of the bound prisoner.

The seven victims were colored men, all but one. The offences were generally larceny and housebreaking. Two of these were whipped with sixty lashes—five hundred and forty blows of the thong.

The white convict was brought out, stripped. He was bound to a post securely. It was evident that the Sheriff was using but little force with his terrible whip. The first blow barely made a mark; but as the successive ones fell, red marks began to appear, livid lines of bruised and mangled flesh were drawn, the muscles rose in knotted cords, and the whole of the naked body showed a livid purple color. Faint and staggering with even his mild treatment, the prisoner was covered with a blanket, untied and led away.

The prisoner, Saunders, trembled visibly; his knees tottered, and he cast a pleading and frightened look upon the preparations for his torture. The cat drew a livid mark at the first blow, and very soon large purple welts, ridges in the flesh, began to appear. A cry of pain involuntarily wrung from the clenched lips of the sufferer, followed each lash, and it was evident that every one grew more and more painful. The nerves twitched, the skin swelled, and though bruised, did not break, so that the blood, instead of running, gathered in visible blotches beneath the surface. Thirty—forty—fifty—fifty-five—times the man's back had been struck with the nine scourges. Fifty-six—fifty-seven—fifty-eight—fifty-nine—sixty! The blanket is thrown over the torn body, and he is led away,

Another victim was an old rheumatic colored man, sixty or seventy years of age. He had plead guilty to the larceny of some chickens, and urged as his excuse that he was not able to work, and had to steal or starve. He tottered and trembled to the stake, but was whipped with the prescribed twenty lashes.

The effect on those present it is hard to describe. It was a brutal exhibition that could not fail to find sympathetic response in every rude and passionate nature. And where the bad passions were not strong and violent before, it is certain this excited them. There was little shuddering among the crowd. On the contrary, we heard many exclamations as the cat fell: "Serves him right!" "Give it to him, Sheriff!"

## *THE MOBILE RIOT.*

OFFICIAL REPORT OF GEN. POPE—THE MAYOR AND CHIEF OF POLICE DECLARED GUILTY OF CRIMINAL MISCONDUCT.

By Telegraph to the Tribune.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 30.

THE official report of Gen. Pope and the officers in Alabama concerning the Mobile riot, have just been received here. The following are the reports of Gen. Pope and Col. Shepherd. The report of Gen. Swayne, which follows that of Gen. Pope, having been published, I omit it now:

GEN. POPE'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD MILITARY DISTRICT, GEORGIA, ALABAMA, AND FLORIDA, ATLANTA, Ga., May 28, 1867.

GENERAL: I have the honor to transmit enclosed the report of Gens. Swayne and Dunn, concerning the late riot in Mobile, Alabama, as also the report of Col. Shepherd, 15th Infantry, commanding the post. You will not fail to notice some, though not important, discrepancies in these two reports. One thing is manifest, and that is, that the Mayor, Jones M. Withers, though everybody, and no doubt himself included, apprehended disturbance during Judge Kelley's speech, instead of being present with the necessary police force, and arrangements to keep the peace, went off to his house, a mile and a half distant, because, probably, he supposed the sentiments of the speaker would not be pleasant to him, and left the peace of the city in the hands of the Chief of Police, who either sympathized with the rioters or was wholly inefficient. It certainly is not to be attributed to the zeal or conduct of either of these functionaries that the riot did not assume formidable proportions. I have, therefore, removed both, not only because of their criminal misconduct on this occasion, but because there is not likely to be confidence of any security whatever hereafter while they retain their offices. I have appointed Mr. Hoffman, a much-respected Union man of Mobile, Mayor, and Col. Dimon, formerly of the army, but for the last year a citizen of Mobile, Chief of Police. I will remodel the entire police force and probably change the Board of Aldermen in a few days. Col. Dimon I know well personally, as he served for a long time under my command, and while he is Chief of Police I will guarantee that there will not be another riot in Mobile. The instigator of the riot, or, rather, the most conspicuous actor in it, is in confinement at Fort Gaines, and will be tried by Military Commission. The civil authorities released him on bail. Active measures are being taken to arrest the other parties concerned. Until the new city government is fully installed and in successful operation the military authorities will control the police of the city. I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant, JOHN POPE, Brevet Major-General U. S. A. Commanding.

To Gen. U. S. Grant, General-in-Chief of U. S A., Washington.

COL. SHEPHERD'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS, POST OF MOBILE, MOBILE, Ala., May 17, 1867.

LIEUT. J. A CONYNGHAM, *A. A. A. General, District of Alabama.*

SIR: I have the honor, very respectfully, to submit the following, relative to the disgraceful and criminal riot resulting in murder occurring in this city on the night of the 14th inst., when the Hon. Mr. Kelley, from Pennsylvania, addressed for a few moments the people of the city at 9 p. m. The address, as begun and continued, was dignified, pointed, and calculated to arouse in the breasts of a free people feelings of pride and congratulation. While comparing the liberty of the present with the past history six years ago of our country, and indeed of the world, and as the orator warmed into his theme, eliciting the applause of the large concourse of people, evidence of disturbance manifested itself in such a manner as to convince the speaker that there was an intention to silence him and put him down by a lot of men present for that object and no other. At this juncture the orator bid defiance to being silenced in free speech upon matters affecting the welfare of a free people, both white and colored, as against a recurrence of enslaved opinion and action existing in this portion of our country, whereupon a commotion began opposite the speakers' stand, nearly across the street, between the Chief of Police and a man named David J. Tiles, notorious for violence in word and action, and who, while then scuffling with the Chief of Police, discharged his pistol in the direction of the speaker's stand which was occupied by friends, reporters of the press of this city and elsewhere, and the band of the 15th Infantry, under charge of Lieut. Johnson, Acting Adjutant. After the first shot there seemed to be an interval of four or five seconds, during which there were frantic efforts on the part of the crowd to break away from the scene, after which about a dozen more shots were fired from the vicinity of the fracas, apparently in the direction of the speakers' stand, causing the wildest confusion and dismay, which was increased by the sudden ringing of the fire-alarm bells. A great number of shots were then made in return, right and left. Most of these shots were evidently fired in the air, with the design probably to show that they were armed. All, both white and colored, dispersed in a panic, and also the gang of violent rowdies who were present, evidently for the object of breaking up the meeting. In the melee quite a number of persons were more or less injured by bruises and slight shot wounds. One white man and one colored are reported killed, and another white man considered as fatally wounded in the head. All the occurrences at the meeting I was witness to, the horses in the carriage in which I was seated, standing in a position to the right of the speakers' stand at the crossing of the sidewalk took fright, and plunging into the space first made vacant opposite the stand, ran up Government street towards the camp. Not wishing to leave the scene till the result should be somewhat known, I leaped to the ground a few steps from the speakers' stand, and made my way back, despite the panic-stricken populace. Observing that all had fled therefrom, I turned and walked rapidly toward the camp, the streets near at hand resounding with the discharge of small fire-arms, and the alarm-bells still ringing. On the second block from the scene I met the carriages returning as the horses had become again manageable, and proceeded thence with great dispatch for the troops in camp, 1½ miles distant, who were held in readiness by the officers in camp, who had heard the firing. The officers from the other stations, on duty at the post as members of a general court-martial, promptly reported for duty with the commond. While it was being brought to the scene in the double-quick step this movement was aided by two street-cars obeying with alacrity orders to that effect. The troops being posted, the citizens found in the streets were ordered to retire to their places of residence, which order they complied with. In the execution of all these orders much credit is due to the officers of the court-martial above mentioned. A few occasional shots were heard thereafter in the streets, more or less distant, occasioned probably more from alarm than otherwise. The Hon. Mr. Kelley and his friends were found safely returned to their rooms at the Battle House. His Honor the Mayor, J. M. Withers, residing nearly 1¾ miles up Government street, was then summoned, and he ordered his Chief of Police to search for, arrest, and take to the city prison David J. Tiles, the prime instigator and inciter of the riot. Three squads, only of eight men each, in charge of an officer, were retained on duty after midnight and until the departure of Judge Kelley at 1½ p. m. next day. Since the riot there has been considerable apprehension felt between the white and colored population, owing, in a measure, I am constrained to believe, to the unfair and inflammatory tone of the newspaper articles for some time past, which to a dispassionate mind, seem to pander to the morbid cravings of a discontented people, averse even to the repression exercised by the impartial justice of the Mayor, J. M. Withers, who, I believe, is the only man in the city qualified by disposition to temper with proper discretion his official acts. Report was not made yesterday for the reason given in a letter. A public meeting was held at 4 p. m. yesterday, deprecating the odious outrage upon free speech, and the prejudice of the more judicious, composing the main portion of the people, who, though well disposed, fail, nevertheless, to repress and frown down the turbulent, who prowl about public places, and utter spiteful speeches and threatenings against the state of things irrevocably settled by a war which most of them shirked. Should the excitement and apprehensions not subside, it will be advisable to have a troop of cavalry stationed here for the purpose of patrolling, the city limits being so extensive, and the style of buildings, presenting grounds and inclosures admirably adapted for sheltering the evil-minded. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

O. L. SHEPHERD, Col., 15th U. S. Infantry, Commanding Post.

## *JEFFERSON DAVIS'S BAIL BOND.*

WE take from the New York *Tribune* the following copy of the Bail Bond in Jefferson Davis's case:

The following is a certified copy of the bail bond in the case of Jefferson Davis, with the full list of the signatures appended:

At a stated term of the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Virginia, held at Richmond on the first Monday in May, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven—Be it remembered that on this thirteenth (13th) day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, before the Honorable the District Court of the United States for the District of Virginia, at the Court-House in Richmond in the said District, came Jefferson Davis and acknowledged himself to owe to the United States of America in the sum of $100,000 lawful money of the said United States, and Gerrit Smith, Horace Greeley, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Augustus Schell, Horace F. Clark, A. Welch, David K. Jackman, William B. Macfarland, R. H. Haxall, Isaac Davenport, Jr., Abraham Warwick, Gustavus A. Myers, William W. Crump, James Lyons, John A. Meredith, Wm. H. Lyons, John Minor Botts, James Thomas, Jr., Thomas R. Price, William Allen, Benjamin Wood, Thomas W. Doswell, each of whom acknowledged himself to owe to the United States of America the sum of five thousand dollars of like lawful money. The said several sums to be made to the use of the said United States, of the goods, chattels, lands, and tenements of the said parties respectively.

The condition of this recognizance is such that if the said Jefferson Davis shall in his proper person well and truly appear at the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Virginia, to be held in Richmond in the said District, on the fourth Monday of November next, at the opening of the Court on that day, and then and there appear from day to day, and stand to abide and perform whatsoever shall be then and there ordered or adjudged in respect to him by the said Court, and not to depart from the said Court without the leave from the said Court in that behalf, first had and obtained; then the said recognizance to become void, otherwise remain in full force.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Taken and acknowledged this thirteenth day of May, A. D. 1867, in open Court, before me.

W. H. BARRY, Clerk.

| | |
|---|---|
| GERRIT SMITH, | ABRAHAM WARWICK, |
| HORACE GREELEY, | GUSTAVUS A. MYERS, |
| CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, | WM. W. CRUMP, |
| AUGUSTUS SCHELL, | JAMES LYONS, |
| HORACE F. CLARK, | JOHN A. MEREDITH, |
| BENJAMIN WOOD, | WM. H. LYONS, |
| A. WELCH, | JOHN MINOR BOTTS, |
| DAVID K. JACKMAN, | THOS. W. DOSWELL, |
| WM. H. MACFARLAND, | JAS. THOMAS, JR. |
| R. B. HAXALL, | THOS. R. PRICE, |
| ISAAC DAVENPORT, JR., | WM. ALLEN. |

*United States Circuit Court, District of Virginia, ss.* I do hereby certify that I have compared the foregoing copy with the original Recognizance of Jefferson Davis, now remaining on file and of record in this office, and that the same is a correct transcript therefrom.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and fixed the seal of said Court, at the City of Richmond, in said District, this 15th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

W. H. BARRY, Clerk U. S. Circuit Court Dis. Va.

## *GEN. GRANT WILLING TO BE PRESIDENT.*

THE Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, gives an account of a recent interview between Judge Cartter of Washington, and Gen. Grant, with reference to the latter's accepting the nomination for President if tendered to him, from which we extract the following:

In order to get Gen. Grant out of the way, Judge Cartter recently called upon him, and formally and in his most impressive manner announced to the general that the time had arrived when he must make his decision whether he was willing to be a candidate for the presidency of the United States on the Republican ticket or not. He told Gen. Grant that it would not do for him to continue in his padlocked condition any longer; that the people were looking about for the "coming man," and that if he was going to come, it was time he was coming along. He told him that he wanted to know explicitly, first, whether he would be a candidate for the presidency, and if so, secondly, whether he would have any objection to having Benjamin F. Wade upon the same ticket as candidate for the Vice-Presidency. It was noticed that Gen. Grant gave his traditional cigar an extra twirl in his mouth, and remarked that he was obliged to say that those were rather plain and direct questions. Cartter did not hesitate to indorse that proposition, and continued to press the question. Gen. Grant, after a minute's deliberation, said that he really did not feel desirous of becoming President of the United States; that he had been honored and trusted in a degree that was a surprise to himself; and yet he felt that if the people called upon him to become a candidate for the presidency of the party that had been for the war for the preservation of the Union, he could not feel that he was at liberty to decline; and that, as a matter of course, he could have nothing whatever to say, in such a case, as to the second person on the ticket; that, as also the first place on the ticket, was a matter for the wisdom of the people to determine, and he certainly could have no objection to B. F. Wade of Ohio. All of which was taken by the Ben Wade party, represented in this interview by Chief-Justice Cartter, to mean, in so many words, that Gen. Grant was and would be a candidate for the presidency. This result has in some degree cooled the ardor of the Wade party, but they are full of life, and cannot be said to have abandoned the field.

## *GEN. GRANT CLAIMED AS A DEMOCRAT.*

From the Detroit Free Press (Dem.), June 12.

A TELEGRAPHIC dispatch from Washington says that a number of political managers are in Washington trying to sound Gen. Grant on the question of accepting the nomination for the next Presidency, and that the General says he does not want it himself, but would like it extended to Gen. Sherman. In the face of the persistent attempts of certain radical organs to prove that Gen. Grant is a radical this is a rich joke. We should like to have seen the faces of the radical serfs and toadies when the General declined the honor so generously tendered by them, and asked them to offer it to the most sincere Democrat in high position in the United States army except, perhaps, Gen. Meade. How the waspish Stanton must enjoy the preference by Gen. Grant of his most bold and uncompromising enemy—a man above and beyond the little Secretary so far that he dares not touch him. We should like to see Gen. Sherman—whom the astute Stanton in 1862 removed from command and said he was "crazy" because he wanted an adequate force for the campaign in the West, and whom he tried to ruin by falsehood and misrepresentation when Gen. Johnston's army surrendered, and ended the war in 1865—nominated for the Presidency. He would certainly be elected, and the scum which the boiling of the political waters has brought to the surface in the past five years would quickly disappear. Grant ought not to make the Radicals uncomfortable, and they are dangerous to his popularity in that party. As long as he will hold his tongue they can lie about him, and feel as well over it as if they were telling the truth. But when he abandons his usual reticence in so significant a manner as to express a preference for a candidate for the Chief Magistracy, and that preference for a Democrat, it spoils all their fun, and we presume will drive them to trying to prove that Sherman is a Radical. If they do look out for squalls. Sherman has a way of saying what he thinks.

## *GEN. GRANT CLAIMED AS A REPUBLICAN.*

From the Springfield (Illinois)—home of the late President Lincoln—State Journal, June 10.

IT is very well known by those who are intimate with Gen. Grant that he has no sympathy with the Democratic party, and if it so happens that he shall be a candidate for the Presidency he will be the Republican candidate. Gen. Grant's position in the army and his close connection with the government have not rendered it suitable or proper for him to be blatant in expressing his views on questions of mere partisan politics; but he does not conceal the fact that his sympathies are all with the Republican party. Those who assail him on that score are principally of that class who charged Mr. Lincoln, during the whole of his administration, with weakness, indecision and pusillanimity. Gen. Grant may or may not be a candidate for the Presidency, but he is a Republican.

## *LOUISIANA.*

IMPORTANT LETTER FROM THOMAS J. DURANT.

From the New Orleans Tribune, June 8.

MR. DURANT, in reply to a letter from one of our distinguished citizens, has written the following important reply, which we are at liberty to use;

WASHINGTON CITY, May 27, 1867.

DEAR SIR: I received yesterday a letter you addressed me on the 22d inst. and appreciate highly the kind feelings by which it was dictated. Some of my old and warm friends have also written me in the same strain, but I impute this entirely to their good feeling for me. The dignity of the existing emergency rises above personal considerations, and the great work of restoring Louisiana, free and just, to a place in the Federal Union should not be embarrassed by contention about the fitness of any man for Governor or Senator, or what not. So far as I am concerned, it shall not be done with my consent.

In tracing out the path of operation laid down in the act of March 23, 1867, commonly known as the Supplementary Reconstruction bill, it seems to me that the final act of transmitting a Constitution for the State to the President, to be laid before Congress, cannot well be consummated before the 1st of March next, nine months hence. Why, then, debate who shall be office-holders under a Constitution which can only be considered at that remote period, and which may then be rejected? Such a course would be mischievous in the extreme, and ought not to be pursued. In my opinion, the Constitution to be adopted by the Convention in Louisiana should expressly provide that the elections under it for State officers, Representatives in Congress and Senators shall only take place within a certain term after the acceptance of the Constitution by the Congress of the United States.

And I am of opinion that no one of the late rebel States should be admitted into Congress by its representatives until an amendment to the National Constitution shall have been adopted establishing irrevocable universal suffrage and equality before the law in every State of the Union. Yours very truly,

THOMAS J. DURANT.

## *TEXAS.*

OPEN DEFIANCE OF THE JUDGES OF THE STATE.

By Telegraph to the Tribune.

NEW ORLEANS, June 14, 1867.

GEN. GRIFFIN and Gen. Reynolds of Texas report to Gen. Sheridan, that Judge Reeves of the Ninth Judicial District of that State, in a charge to the Grand Jury of his court, stated he should not receive the testimony of negroes, as the laws of Congress on the subject were unconstitutional, and he, therefore, defied them. They also report the same facts against Judge Dougherty, who stated, in the headquarters of Gen. Reynolds, that, as regards the testimony of negroes, he would not recognize the law or authority of Congress, and will be bound only to the sovereign State of Texas. Reports of a like character are coming in almost daily from the different parishes of this State.

## *ALABAMA.*

REGISTRATION BEGUN—A COLORED REGISTRAR MURDERED.

By Telegraph to the Tribune.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., June 14.

THE registration of voters has commenced in this State. Alexander Webb, a colored registrar for Hale and Green Counties, was murdered at Greensboro. Efforts are being made to arrest the murderers.

## *"THE BLOOD OF THE MARTYRS IS THE SEED OF THE CHURCH."*

From the Indiana True Republican.

THE impressive article of Wendell Phillips on Lovejoy, in our issue of week before last, irresistibly suggests the above well-known saying. It may not be generally known that Lovejoy's death was the birth, as it were, of Phillips as an Anti-Slavery champion. On the news of the tragedy reaching Boston, a public meeting was called to condemn it. A large popular assemblage accordingly convened at Faneuil Hall. It was presided over by the sainted Channing, who, though not identified with the Abolitionists proper, strongly sympathized with them, and was one of the champions of the right of free discussion as applied to them and all other classes. Slavery had its representatives on that floor, whose aim was to browbeat and pervert the meeting from its purpose, or perchance break it up under the mob rule which had so tragically triumphed at Alton. Their mouth-pieces declared that "Lovejoy had died as the fool dieth," and heaped reproach and contumely upon him. A prominent United States official took an active part in opposition to the purpose of the meeting. It was then that Wendell Phillips, a young lawyer of a wealthy Boston family, but comparatively unknown, shone upon the world in all the brilliancy of his subsequent career, by rebuking the pro-slavery myrmidons in a grand burst of eloquence, which Dr. Channing always referred to with admiration and delight, and which carried the meeting by storm. Looking at Mr. Phillips's subsequent career and present position, in that one instance alone, what an incalculable influence had the martyrdom of Lovejoy!

In himself Elijah P. Lovejoy was well worthy of the "noble army of martyrs" with whom his memory is forever canonized. His brother Owen, the late Congressman from Illinois, was a good and true man, but we judge from his writings and character that Elijah was a different and much superior one—abler, wiser, less impulsive, more serious, more profoundly in earnest. In fact he was the very opposite of a fanatic. His course while at St. Louis and afterwards at Alton, was in the main discreet, his editorials and speeches in opposition to slavery were models of calm, dignified, earnest argument, in style and temper singularly unobjectionable. But his convictions were immovable as the hills of the Mississippi where he planted his press and fell in its defense. History can scarcely parallel the moral sublimity of the scene when this young Christian hero stood singly confronting the giant wrong of the age, then at the height of its prestige, and poured out his heart's blood in vindication of the liberty of the press and the rights of all men. Yet slavery dates its decadence from that hour, and history can already tell how in death the martyr was more than conqueror!

It seems to us the time has come for a new biography of Lovejoy. The story of his life and self-sacrifice, in all its details, should be made as household words to his countrymen. What example would so tend to form like heroes and martyrs of the right, in the contests for human rights yet

to come? Besides, the people long to know more of this man, in all his relations to the time in which he lived. Is there a portrait of him extant? We fear not—at least we have never seen or heard of one. If any one else has, we should be glad to be informed of it, in order if possible to possess ourself of a copy.


# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1867.



### Wendell Phillips's

SPEECHES AND LECTURES, a handsomely-bound volume, 562 pages, with steel portrait, will be sent, post-paid, to any person renewing a subscription for the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and sending the name of one new subscriber ($6), or for two new subscribers, $3 a year.

### A $100 U. S. Bond

(5-20, with 6 per cent. interest-bearing coupons attached, payable in gold), will be paid to the person who sends, by or before November 1st, the largest number of paid-in subscriptions for the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD for 1867; also 75 cents commission for each yearly subscription, in addition to the Bond.

WENDELL PHILLIPS is Special Editorial Contributor.

Address AARON M. POWELL,
Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard,
39 Nassau street, New York.


## *EXTRA SESSION.*

WE are glad to see the press, in some influential quarters, waking up to the necessity of an extra session of Congress in July. The most vigilant members of Congress are, we know, in favor of it, and all the signs of the times show how indispensable it is.

In present circumstances, Congress is the great police power of the government. As an influential Senator says, "Congress in session is equal to a dozen major-generals. Had Congress been sitting, Judge Kelley would never have been assaulted in Mobile." At present the President, overawed by the fear of a July session, ventures on no open demonstration against the Military Reconstruction act. What his underhand efforts are, we can easily judge from the tone of his friends, and their struggles to thwart it. It will be remembered that Congress ordered a session in July, and one will take place unless so many absent themselves as to leave no quorum. Now, let no quorum appear—let Mr. Johnson see such indifference on the part of Congress and such trust in himself as will lead its members to stay at home—and we shall soon have such executive interference at the South as will substantially defeat the whole policy of the Military act. No intelligent man can doubt as to the disposition of the President. The instances of his interference hitherto, the opinions of the Attorney-General, furnished to order, and intended as the basis of future operations—all clearly demonstrate where Mr. Johnson's heart is. Doubtless even these indications of his real wish would have been withheld, and the North kept wholly in the dark, had this been possible; but it was necessary to give his friends, North and South, some clue to his plan, otherwise they might so fully cooperate with military reconstruction, and be so far committed to it, as to make retreat difficult, if not impossible.

We are far from regarding the Military act as perfect, or a finality. Except as a gain and ideal of future still more stringent action, we deplored its passage. If our object were only to prolong the confusion and embarrass the Republican party, we should rejoice in the postponement of a session, sure that, in that long five months' monopoly of power, the President would play such tricks before high heaven and the people, as would bring their representatives together in December in such mood of positive and angry Radicalism as the nation has not yet seen.

Let Mr. Johnson remove Gen. Sheridan, and he doubles the chances of confiscation, forty acres for each laborer, and a Constitutional amendment securing suffrage and universal education. Jefferson Davis wrote Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation. Southern armies forced the Anti-Slavery amendment on the government. Congress may meet in July and complete its own measure, "living up wisdom" as event after event shows its defects; or members may desert their places, be recreant to duty, and tempt Executive violence and usurpation until an indignant people force them back to their places with orders to sweep the South, like a threshing-floor, clean of everything which lifts its head above the one dead-level of unquestioning submission to the sword of the conqueror.

The friend of the South who longs that she may have rest; the business man, waiting anxiously for quiet waters, that he may spread his sails; the patriot who dreads any prolongation of this critical state of national affairs—are all pleaders with Congress that it assemble and watch its own work. Let not lookers-on sneeringly "guess" that we should have an extra session if members were paid by the day; but, paid a salary by the year, they mind their own private affairs, and let the nation stagger on under its burden of a traitor head. The people will note carefully who report themselves at the Capitol on July 4th, and they will hold the absent to strict account. Let no member hope for mercy who baulks us. There is no serving by substitute in this warfare. Congress can delegate its powers to no deputy. The great council of the nation at all times, and now its great police power, it cannot safely surrender the government into any hands. Charge the delay, the peril and the blood of the next four years, to the loiterers at home, if their absence defeats the session in July.

The Presidental election grows nearer and nearer. The two great parties in the game are Andrew Johnson and the Republicans. The Democrats stand aside, biding their time; to submit in silence if the Republicans know their opportunity, to sweep the board for a clean candidate if, by any chance, Johnson wins—not for himself, but for some less-known traitor. As the interval shortens, the President grows more urgent. His successes lies in defeating Congress at the South. The Summer of 1865 will be repeated if he has Washington to himself from July to December. How near that mistake of 1865 brought us to grave disaster we all know. Every Congressman knows this, and will be held responsible for conduct befitting such knowledge. There is a negligence so gross that the law deems it equivalent to dishonesty. Any member of Congress who, with the experience of 1865 behind him, exposes us to another such Summer, will be guilty of that "gross negligence," which the Roman lawyers denne as "*the not knowing what all men know.*" We hold every loiterer at home who prevents a July session guilty of that *fraud*, which the law attributes to such negligence.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

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IN the list of contributors to the treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society, at the recent Annual Meeting should have appeared the name of Mrs. ELIZABETH B. CHACE of Valley Falls, R. I., $25. It was accidently omitted.

## *THE NEW PLOT—IMPEACHMENT AND CONFISCATION.*

RECONSTRUCTION is again obstructed. Mr. Johnson's Attorney has declared against the execution of the Military Reconstruction law as interpreted by Gens. Sheridan, Pope, Sickles and other military commanders. Their effective work in the interest of loyalty, equality and freedom he advises should be undone and hereafter suspended. That this opinion reflects Mr. Johnson's inclination and purpose is well understood. It is conveniently put forth by the Attorney to serve the usurping President as a pretext. Ingenious and lawyer-like in argument, it furnishes such an interpretation of the Military law, as will render it, if thus executed, not only useless, but far worse than useless. This opinion is but the shadow cast before events which are to follow. Of course this surface development of the Presidential plot renders the importance of a July session of Congress most apparent. Impeded reconstruction will require it.

The first business of the session should be the IMPEACHMENT AND IMMEDIATE DEPOSITION OF THE ACTING PRESIDENT. This should take precedence of everything else. When, months ago, we urged impeachment, it was said, "We will pass the Military law; if Mr. Johnson obstructs its execution, then he will be impeached."

He has been allowed long enough to stand as a needless stumbling-block in the nation's pathway. Let the first week of July bear witness to his impeachment and prompt deposition from the office he usurps and dishonors. That this action on the part of Congress would meet the warmest approval of the loyal masses, North and South, we are most fully assured. That such is the tone of the dominant radical opinion in the North we know. Mr. HENRY WILSON affirmed the other day in the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, as the result of his intercourse and observations in the South, that there more by all odds are in favor of Johnson's impeachment than in any other portion of the country, that our friends there are far more radical than the average of our friends in the Northern States. We beg the leading Republican aspirants for the next presidency, whose opposition chiefly has hitherto prevented impeachment to waive further opposition and take the risk of whatever advantages would inure to Mr. Wade in succeeding the acting President, rather than keep the country in jeopardy by the longer continuance of Johnson in office. We are authoritatively advised that influential members of Congress are confident that the impeachment will be effected, and with this new presidential complication we are not ourselves without hope of its early consummation.

The present Executive removed and a loyal man at the helm, we hope to see Congress add to the present reconstruction measures a carefully prepared plan of confiscation. There has developed during the past few weeks a marked change in public opinion in favor of confiscation as a fit and necessary complement of the ballot for the further security of the emancipated blacks of the South. In resuming legislation upon the subject of reconstruction at the approaching session, we hope Congress will complete thoroughly its work by maturing a well-devised plan for the division of the large landed estates of the conquered but unconverted rebels of the South. Added to this let there be adopted, to go before the State Legislatures, a definite constitutional guarantee of the political equality of the negro, and, with a loyal Executive in the White House, reconstruction will become a beneficent reality to all classes in the South, and peace and renewed prosperity be assured to the nation.

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## *TO THE MEMBERS AND FRIENDS OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.*

FOR nearly twenty-eight years THE STANDARD has been published as one of the agencies of the American Anti-Slavery Society to secure the freedom and elevation of the colored race. Nominally, slavery has been abolished, but its spirit survives. Great changes have taken place in the South, and many important victories have been achieved. Much, however, remains to be accomplished ere the victim race will have attained the coveted vantage ground of equality. Our Society has been most earnestly appealed to from various quarters, but especially from the South, to send lecturers into the Southern field, now accessible to some extent under military rule, to teach plain and uncompromising lessons in regard to the rights of the colored race, and the present duty of the government. Another call which comes frequently is for THE STANDARD to be supplied for a time to the leading, intelligent representatives of the colored race, who are already able to read, and who are now learning the lessons which are to serve them in the near future in discharging the duties of responsible citizenship. Evidences are adduced showing the great good THE STANDARD is doing in the hands of some among the Southern colored people who already receive the paper as subscribers or to whom it is sent gratuitously. Of the great value to our cause at the present time of both lecturers and THE STANDARD throughout the South there can be no doubt. The former, however, would require a much larger appropriation of money than is possible for the Society to make. THE STANDARD can for the year be put gratuitously into the hands of thousands of new and eager readers at a much less cost. Every paper would not only be read by one, but would be read to, and thus educate, many.

We earnestly appeal, therefore, to every friend of freedom who desires the early, complete triumph of our work, to send us donations in money to be used for the purpose above indicated. Ten thousand copies of THE STANDARD scattered through the South for the coming year would result in such a public opinion among the colored people and their radical friends, the white loyalists, as would render it practically impossible hereafter for the political demagogues of the ruling white class to deceive and mislead them. If the donation will furnish the paper to but one, it will reach many and do much good. There are but few of our subscribers who cannot remit the small amount of three dollars, for such a purpose, and we hope there are many who will esteem it a pleasure, as well as a duty, to place at our disposal, for immediate use, in this way much larger sums. We shall be glad to receive the names and addresses of parties in the South from those sending donations who prefer to direct to whom the paper shall be sent, but we will furnish the addresses of those who would be valuable and grateful recipients of THE STANDARD for all money placed at our disposal for such use. The present is an opportune period for the effort. Southern society is in a transition. The colored people are inquiring the way of duty, and qualifying for the new relations. They have other reading furnished them, good, much of it, in its way, but as some of the most intelligent of the teachers among the freedmen, the most devoted of the clergymen, and the best informed of the blacks assure us, THE STANDARD there, as here, would render an important help, which cannot as well be derived from any other source. We have gratifying assurance that what THE STANDARD has said of land for the negroes, has already awakened much interest among the colored people in many localities. They are to hold the future balance of power in the affairs of the South. It is well that they be thoroughly taught as to their rights as well as duties. Give us liberally of your means, friends, to place before them from week to week these lessons during the present important transition year.

## *ANDERSONVILLE—CONFISCATION—EDUCATION.*

LETTER FROM GEN. RUFUS SAXTON.

ANDERSONVILLE, Ga., June 6, 1867.

*To the Editor of the Standard:*

I HAVE passed the day in wandering over the ruins here, visiting the pen where more than thirty thousand of our boys in blue were imprisoned and starved; some murdered. I have seen the sheds where many died, and the National Cemetery hard by where thirteen thousand of them are sleeping. When one, standing in this sad silent grave-yard, reads on the head-boards the long lists of the names of the victims whose remains are beneath, a feeling of mingled sorrow and indignation creeps over the heart, and you ask, can a God of justice forgive the authors of this crime against humanity, this blot upon the civilization of the nineteenth century? Few of those who are responsible for Andersonville have yet repented of this crime, but in their hearts still glory in this "Yankee grave-yard." In a great portion of the State of Georgia, the life of no Union man who dares to express his Union sentiments, or to teach the freedmen his rights, is safe for a day, away from the personal protection of Union bayonets. In my visit to Andersonville, I had for my guide one who resided here during the war; a blear-eyed, souless-looking man whom the march of events and the termination of the war had "reconstructed." In answer ing my questions, he told me the whole story of the horrors of Andersonville with a smile, as if the thing was a huge joke, instead of a tale of sorrow unparalleled in history. He told me, "when the Yankees were all in the yard, you could not see the ground; they were so thick." He showed me the holes where they burrowed to avoid the hot sun, the muddy pool where they bathed and drank, and where, when stricken down with fever, they crept off and laid in the mud, to cool the raging fever, and to die. He described the days of intense heat where they stood without shelter in the burning sun, the swarms of sand-flies and mosquitoes so thick, as "almost to shut out the sky light." He pointed out where the corn-meal to feed these thirty thousand victims was baked, and as a pleasantry, stated that in the reservoir where the water was kept to mix with the meal, you could at any time scoop up your two hands full of flies, and that the bread, after it was baked, looked "like if it was filled with buckle berries." "A man," he said, "got more flies than meal in his bread." From the sheds where they died, we went to the trenches where they were buried by their comrades, side by side, from one hundred to two hundred per day.

This visit I have made to Andersonville, is one that I wish could be made by every Northern rebel sympathiser, every Northern apologist to the South, every craven who forgets there is such a principle as justice, and seeks to conciliate at its expense, and wishes the North to forget what it owes to the memory of those dead soldiers, to the freedmen, and to the loyal men. No thoughtful man can stand by these thirteen thousand sepulchres without heeding the lesson which in silent eloquence they are teaching; how God will deal with the nation which dares to violate his laws, and that, North and South, He will hold this nation responsible that it deals justly with His lowliest children. Andersonville must not be forgotten or forgiven until it is repented of.

I sleep to-night in a house said by the negroes to be haunted, so many soldiers have died here. Shades of thirteen thousand victims, well may you haunt my pillow did I fail to bear witness to your sufferings in this hideous prison-pen!

A God of justice has called to their accounts Winder the executive, and Wirtz his tool. It is well understood that full reports of all the atrocities perpetrated at Andersonville were made by the [illegible] at Richmond, and were well known there. As one stands amidst the shadows of Andersonville where these dark deeds were done for slavery, the cheeks tingle with shame and indignation at the hot haste which we hear that Northern men have made to place their bonds, and give their hands to the one above all others, who, represents the principle that is responsible for these martyr's graves. It is dishonor to their memory to talk of conciliating the South. The North has no right to conciliate at the expense of justice. We have fought a brave battle for liberty and humanity, and by the blessing of God have triumphed in the field. Let us think first of justice to the loyal living, of honor to the martyred dead, after that we may afford to conciliate our vanquished foe, never before.

The black population of the South is nearly equal to the white in numbers. By years of unrequited toil, and by their loyalty, they have earned a right to a portion of that soil which their late masters have forfeited by their treason. We shall be held responsible now that we give the loyal blacks a chance to acquire a homestead, and until the nation decrees this great act of justice, all schemes of reconstruction will fail. This done, the prosperity of the country is assured. The freedmen only wants the opportunity to purchase on credit. He does not expect or ask the government to *give* him the land. All over this State where I have been, the cry is always the same, "We want land of our own, and the owners will not sell, but ask us such a rent that it is difficult for us to pay it, and if we fail we are turned off; if we work for wages, we are frequently turned away without payment." The principle here, is, that the black man has no rights. There is but one remedy for all these evils, it is to insure the colored man a homestead, where he can maintain himself. This just measure of confiscation would not be a harsh one. It can be so managed that, in the end, the present owners will be benefitted. Let us suppose that the government should divide each large *landed* estate in the South in half, confiscate one half, divide it into forty acre tracts, and sell it on reasonable terms to the freedmen, and permit the former owner to retain the other half. By this means all the freedmen could be provided with homes, and would be able to support themselves and add vastly to the wealth of the country. The former owners would have labor at hand for the cultivation of their remaining lands and would soon find their estates so much increased in value, that the half would be more valuable than the whole was originally. The freedmen would soon be able to pay the government for his freehold, which, with the taxes he would pay, would go very far towards liquidating the national debt. All honor to Thaddeus Stevens, Wendell Phillips, T. W. Higginson, and to the Anti-Slavery Society for telling the nation that it is a solemn duty to give lands to the freedmen. Time will surely vindicate the wisdom of their policy, and will show, too that they were the truest friends of the South, because they were true to all humanity. If the Republican party is to be the great party of the future, which is to reconstruct the South, let her Representatives in Congress rally round the standard of the brave old radical from Pennsylvania, and join him in decreing equal rights and homes for all the loyal Southerners, black and white. Then will the South be reconstructed, and the Union, purified, saved, will enter upon a new career of wealth and prosperity.

There was one cheering sight from the prison-pen of Andersonville. In one of the old rebel hospitals I found a school of about one hundred and fifty colored children, and I cannot close without paying a tribute of respect and admiration to the heroic women who went there nearly a year ago, alone and seemingly unprotected, and started this school. Their lives were threatened, and they were exposed to insults of all kinds, but they went bravely on, sustained by a sublime faith that they were in the path of duty, and that God would protect them. The results have justified their faith. The children for miles around were collected in the day time, and in the evening the adults came. On Sundays these ladies were priestesses as well as teachers. They have "held" Andersonville for six months and are as safe with the protection of their colored guards as if protected by United States troops. The story of their experience forms a rare instance of the sustaining power of a deep religious conviction of duty. In a few days their school closes for the Summer. There will be many sad hearts among these lowly ones when the teachers go. Their kind words and good counsel will never be forgotten—after all, these teachers are the real reconstructionists of the South. But I must leave all Andersonville. May the last resting-place of its heroes be made so beautiful, as to fittingly express the gratitude of a loyal people, and show to the world how the nation does honor to the memory of those who died that it might live.

R. S.

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ON our third page will be found the able speech of JOHN STUART MILL, recently delivered in the House of Commons in behalf of suffrage for women. We commend it to the thoughtful consideration of all our readers, and especially to the careful attention of the members of our State Constitutional Convention now in session at Albany.

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WE invite special attention to the important letter given elsewhere from the pen of Gen. RUFUS SAXTON.

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MR. MILLS'S speech, given elsewhere in this week's STANDARD, has been stereotyped by the Equal Rights Association, and may be had at ten cents single copy, five dollars per hundred, at their office, 37 Park Row, Room 17.

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## *PERSONAL.*

Gen. George B. McClellan and family have engaged passage home on the steamer of the 3d of November.

A note from Mr. George W. Smalley, whose departure, with his family, for Europe we announced a few weeks since, assures us of their safe arrival in London, after a quick and pleasant passage. Our readers may expect occasional letters from Mr. Smalley's pen during his sojourn abroad. They will reside in London.

Rowland T. Robinson of Ferrisburgh, Vt., one of the earliest advocates of the Anti-Slavery cause, a Friend and coworker with Isaac T. Hopper, is spending a few days in this city. He is to spend the Summer months on Nantucket, for the benefit of its invigorating sea breezes. Advanced in years, he is still strong in spirit and earnest for the complete triumph of impartial justice.

The Rev. George H. Hepworth, of Boston, occupied the pulpit of All Souls' Church (Dr. Bellows) of this city, on Sunday last. On Monday evening last Mr. Hepworth addressed a meeting of the recently organized Liberal Christian Union of this city, in the Bleecker street Universaliit Church (the Rev. D. K. Lee's). The Rev. Mr. Clark, editor of the *Liberal Christian*, Rev. Mr. Mellen and the Rev. Alfred P. Putnam of Brooklyn also delivered addresses before the Union.

## Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, June 10th, 1867.

THE question has again come up here (as it will continue to do until finally settled on the right basis), whether the Boston Public Library, or any portion of it shall be opened to the public on Sunday, or the afternoon and evening of that day. In consequence of petitions from many persons, representing various classes of the community, that it might be so opened, a correspondence has taken place between the Joint Committee of the City Council and the Trustees of the Public Library; and these bodies found themselves so in accordance upon the subject, that an order was passed that the reading-room of the Library, comprising the current periodical publications in literature and science, two hundred in number, should be open to the public from 2 p. m. to 10 p. m. every Sunday.

By this arrangement the Library proper would not be at all involved, nor the attendance of any of its officers required. In regard to this, however, the Committee of the City Council judiciously suggested that any reader desirous to consult a particular volume of the Library on Sunday might be allowed to send word in regard to it during the previous week, and on Saturday the volume might be placed in the reading-room, subject to the call of the visitor the next day.

Before this order was carried into effect, however, several clergymen and others sent in remonstrances against it, in consequence of which a hearing is to be given to representatives of both parties by the Joint Committee of the City Council; the time of this hearing is not yet fixed; but when it comes, we shall have a renewal of the sort of discussion lately held in Philadelphia and in Baltimore in regard to the running of street cars on Sunday.

It is a very curious fact that in these controversies, and the similar ones formerly held in Boston when attempts were made by the same class of persons to limit the means of locomotion on Sundays for our citizens, the Railroad Companies confined themselves to the plea of public convenience and utility as their sufficient warrant for running their cars on Sundays as on other days, and did *not* carry the war into their enemy's country, and show, as they might have done, that certain sectarian bodies (of which these remonstrants were notoriously the representatives), had no right to attempt the enforcement of their creeds on the community, especially in a case like the present one, where those creeds set up rules not found in the Bible.

If these churches should attempt to restrain the whole community from eating dinner on the days of their church "fasts," the injustice, unreasonableness and impudence of the assumption would be immediately recognized; everybody would demand—"Show us where, *in the Bible*, this is required of us?" And in failure of such demonstration the attempt would fail. But we have been so long accustomed to see a mere church-rule incorporated into our code of laws and attempted to be enforced on the community in regard to the use of Sunday, that very few people are aware that this Sunday law has not the slightest foundation *in the Bible*, from which these sectarians pretend to derive it. Whenever any one chooses to take up the argument with them on *this* ground, it can be abundantly and most clearly shown, not only from the Bible itself, but from prophets of their own, Calvin, Luther, Melancthon, Tyndale (the first translator of the New Testament into English), Bunyan and Baxter, and in our own time from Archbishop Whately of the Episcopal Church, that the Bible enjoins upon Christians neither Sabbatical observance in general, nor any special observance of Sunday in particular. It can be shown conclusively that all rules now existing in regard to these two things are merely rules of sects or churches, except so far as they have been incorporated into the civil law through the false representation of those sects and churches that they were drawn from the Bible.

Shall we ever again, I wonder, see the good old-fashioned menagerie, simple of itself, where genuine wild beasts, unperverted by civilization, were seen as nearly in their savage state as the necessities of due restraint would allow? We had then, to a certain extent, real specimens of ferocious life, genuine portions of Asia and Africa, Greenland and Australia, presented here for our safe and convenient inspection. It was then an additional satisfaction, a corroboration of the genuineness of the show, to be warned to keep at a proper distance from the cages. We saw the Bengal tiger, the African lion, the panther of Java, and the terrible grizzly of the Rocky Mountains, "proper," as heraldry calls it; that is, in the attitude and appearance most natural to them. They were the ferocious beasts that our books of natural history had taught us, and no mistake. The bars were strong, as they needed to be. Abundant precautions had been taken that they should not approach us; but woe to us if we approached them. These were exhibitions worth seeing.

I have been reminded of them (by contrast) by the passage through our streets this morning of a huge specimen of the hybrid combinations of circus with menagerie, of late years in fashion, which claim, as if it were a merit, that their animals are not wild. Not only are they not the savage beasts that an unperverted taste wishes to see, but they have been elaborately unsavaged and denaturalized, perverted by deliberate mis-education, compelled to the performance of acts not only uncongenial and repulsive to the creatures themselves, but actually degrading; for what else is it but abuse of the animal instinct that God made when the elephant is compelled to stand on his head; and the lion to expand his jaws for the purpose of letting his tormentor put his own head between them—*and take it out again!*

In this case the lion was made to look like a party consenting to his own subjugation; for a large and powerful specimen of that tribe rode on the top of one of the menagerie wagons, lying at his ease, apparently without any bond or restraint whatever, and looking from side to side with lazy indifference at the throng that gazed upon him. And this crowd, with its women and children, gazed entirely without fear, since, if the lion's carnivorous appetite *had* suddenly awakened, the means of gratifying it were at hand; a row of girls belonging to the show sitting with the driver immediately in front of the lion, whose paw lay within six inches of the shoulder of one of them.

The *Post* of this morning remarks jocosely, upon New Orleans matters, that "too much bitters are mixed with the sherry" there. On the same subject it says seriously, that Gen. Sheridan's interference with the officials in New Orleans is "very dangerous and reprehensible work." Dangerous it is, no doubt, to the prospects and intrigues of the disloyal party; the partisan Democrat, the Northern Copperhead, may think it "reprehensible" on that account; but the friends of freedom, good government and equal rights will honor Sheridan for the energy and promptitude of his action, and will remember with gratitude his good service in the civil interests of the Republic, more difficult in some respects than his exploits, brilliant as they were, in the field.

Our free public baths were so largely used and so fully appreciated last season that their number has been increased by six this Summer, making twelve in all. Four of them, under the superintendence of women, will be for the exclusive accomodation of women and girls—a provision greatly conducive to the comfort and welfare of working-women. Last year, it is said that parties of ladies in carriages, from various parts of the city, regularly visited the South Boston Beach establishment. If frequent and entire bodily ablutions would only become so fashionable that our Irish and German adopted citizens would try them! Do you remember the picture in Punch, in the early days of the Crystal Palace, where two big Dutchmen, with their pipes, in the furniture department, were puzzling themselves as to the possible uses of a basin, ewer and wash-stand?

*Monday, June 17th.*—This morning there was held, in the spacious and hospitable parlor of Rev. J. T. Sargent, the third meeting of "The Free Religious Club." This body, kindred in spirit to the "Free Religious Association" which held its meetings on Anniversary week, in Horticultural Hall, is yet quiet and private in character, designed to combine the maximum of free social interchange of thought with the minimum of parliamentary form. It is a meeting in which ministers, laymen and women come together for frank expression of whatever they wish to utter on religion, education, character, life, influence, in short, the necessities and duties of the present hour, as each views them. All have the liberty of speech, and the no less precious liberty of silence. So, while the outside world were celebrating the return of the day when our forefathers "got licked" on Bunker Hill, about thirty persons assembled at the place above mentioned, and spent the hours from 10 to 2 in a manner at once instructive and delightful. It is not too much to say that the best thought, aspiration, faith and work of New England were represented there. Most of those present were from Boston and the region around it. Two honored guests hailed from Wisconsin. Mr. Alcott handled his fertile theme of Conversation, and the benefits to be expected from a wise management of it. Mr. Emerson spoke of the freedom with which religious thought is diffusing itself, and the powerlessness of sectarian bonds to restrict it. Thoughtful and zealous ministers stated their ideas of what were really the wishes and needs of the people in regard to religious instruction, and of how those wants might best be met. Other gentlemen spoke frankly in regard to the existing prospects of an improved religious education for the people, and some of the ladies present gave, too briefly, their word of comment on the topics under discussion.

A "Free Religious Club"! Why should Boston have the monopoly of a thing so useful, so attractive, so excellent, so much needed in every community. The religious meetings actually existing among us (apart from the stereotyped "Sabbath" services, conducted by clergymen) are *not* "free," except for the expression of conformity to the peculiar style of theological speculation current in that place, or among that set. Generally nobody thinks of expressing, nobody, even if he wished to do it, would *dare* to express, thoughts or views at variance with those held by the majority present. I chanced, the other day, to witness one of the rare exceptions to this rule, an exception which, as the proverb says, *proves* the rule. The case may be worth mentioning here.

It was in the daily morning meeting formerly called the "Old South Prayer-meeting," now held in the rooms of the "Young Men's Christian Association" (so called)—a meeting in old times conducted by the bitterest foes of the anti-slavery reform, some of whom in my presence refused to allow a request for prayer for a fugitive slave to be presented to the meeting. I was there a few days ago, hearing the customary repetition of the dogmas of sectarian theology, uttered with an earnestness which showed them to be regarded as the things best worth living for, when a stranger rose to speak. His energetic expressions of complete allegiance to Christ, and entire dependence on him, resembled exactly the usual current of the meeting. But he went on, with an accent and manner of thorough conviction, to quote as authentic and entirely trustworthy certain passages of Scripture which the sects holding that meeting find it convenient to ignore, or explain away, though insisting in *general* terms on the inspiration and infallibility of the whole Bible. Said the fervent exhorter, quoting from Mark's Gospel—"These signs shall follow *them that believe:* in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall lay hands on the sick, *and they shall recover.*" He went on to say that this promise, made by Jesus Christ *to believers*, without limitation of time, might be realized now as well as formerly, if the needful faith were exercised, in proof of which, he himself had seen it so exercised, and sick persons immediately healed; and he thereupon enjoined a wider scope of faith, and freer exercise of it in the details of ordinary life.

Immediately up jumped "with alacrity" one of the regular exhorters of the meeting, and thanked God that he was gifted with the discerning of spirits enough to know that the utterance of the last speaker was a "doctrine of the devil." He would have that speaker understand that they wanted no "spiritualist" notions there, and that he had better not intrude such ideas further in that meeting. Another of the regular exhorters echoed the rebuke, and the poor spiritualist (if such he were) found that Mark was no good authority there, except as orthodox tradition and commentary allowed him to be interpreted.

This, certainly, was not a *free* religious meeting; but why should not really free ones be formed, in many a town and city, where there are souls who would like an interchange of genuine, unfettered, religious thought? If, in any place—

"The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,"

if the regular Sunday services are dry and innutritious, if no spiritual *food* is found in the sectarian prayer-meeting, why should not a few of the common people meet together in a parlor or a school-house, and tell each other what they think religion is, and what influence it ought to have on their daily lives! Surely, in many a place, the experiment is worth trying.

NORTH.

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EQUAL RIGHTS REPORT.—The Proceedings of the First Anniversary of the American Equal Rights Association (a neat pamphlet of eighty pages) may now be had of SUSAN B. ANTHONY, 37 Park Row (Room 17), New York. Price 25 cents.

## *LETTER FROM MRS. PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS.*

LETTER FROM MRS. PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS TO MISS HOLLEY.

You said, "Do write me of your Southern trip," and the pleasant experiences of eight weeks come thronging back. I could write a book rather than a brief letter. I love warmth. I shrink, shiver and shrivel into flannels and artificial heat in our cold Northern climate. And it was delightful when, after thirty-six hours at sea, I could sit on deck with only a Summer shawl on, and the fourth day reached Savannah to find it warm as June. There the fragrance of the roses, magnolias, wisteries, jasmines, violets, lilacs and laburnums was charming. The wide streets are lined with the dark ilex, interspersed with the softer greens of the early Spring. The wild luxuriance of the flowers growing everywhere, the balmy air, the soft blue sky seemed paradisiacal, despite the want of business activity and enterprise everywhere apparent. Houses looked carelessly built and neglected, but in the gladness of the hour, I felt I should not care for a house in such a climate and amid such lovely gardens. A tent or shanty would shelter me at night, and all day I would live with the birds and flowers. The curse of slavery is removed, praise God, and a new nation is springing into life; no longer need for invalids to seek a genial clime in foreign lands. They can find health and rest at home, where there is a world of interest to take thought from themselves and their ailments. True, they will not have picture galleries—voluptuous and sensual—to drag through; nor vast halls of statuary that chill the soul and freeze the life currents; they will not see worn out and effete institutions, nurturing corruption and pestilence. They will see men and women, free, eager to learn, receptive to a degree inconceivable to those who have not beheld with their own eyes. The South was conquered, any conditions, even to entire confiscation, would not have been resisted two years ago, and that measure would rouse them again. The negro has tasted freedom, felt his own manhood, holds in his own hand the weapons, the spelling and reading book is before him forever.

My route lay where Sherman made his wonderful march. All the way from Savannah to Atlanta his footprints are still plainly visible, chimneys without houses, plantations with no buildings save negro huts, trees tied round with bands of iron, and as we neared Atlanta vast earthworks and dismantled forts announced we were entering the gate-city of the South. The whole country through Central Georgia is flat, has the worn-out look so often discribed; not until quite in the Northern part is there even an approach to the picturesque. Atlanta has about twenty thousand inhabitants, over nine thousand of these are colored—and that class are more rapidly increasing than the other—they are crowding into the towns where they can go to school and get work. I did not see one negro begging or intoxicated, nor are they half as much addicted to tobacco as are the white people, and this is the testimony of those much longer among them than I was. The Storr school was my special delight. Rev. Mr. Storr of Cincinnati visited Atlanta, and seeing its need, went home and raised a handsome sum towards building a school house. Miss Craighead, a most efficient worker, collected the remainder, and the building was named the Storr school. The home is on the same land; and here I met as noble a band of workers as I have ever seen—fourteen young ladies from Northern States, all animated by an earnest self-sacrificing spirit, full of grand purpose and cheerful life. Nearly fourteen hundred receive daily instruction here. In the morning, children, clean and bright, filled the rooms; in the afternoon, women of all ages from twenty to sixty—many with spectacles on—clean and respectably dressed, day after day, perseveringly study their spelling books, and as they passed our house on their way home, they still studied. In the evening these rooms were again filled with men and women, whose occupation kept them from the school day time. As the spring advances, the school increases. Sundays they have service in the chapel. It was exceedingly interesting to meet Rev. Mr. Angers and wife, whom thirty years ago I knew when on their way to the far West as missionaries to the Indians. Their hearts full of love to the outcasts of earth, they have worked, suffering all manner of destitution and hardship. Always praying fervently for the slave, and now, I found them here to spend the remnant of their days in Christ-like service—in the Orphan Asylum with over fifty little children—who bore evidence of greater suffering than any I ever saw. Some were abandoned by their parents in the wild excitement of the war, others bereft by death. But here they were tenderly gathered "as a hen doth gather her chickens under her wing." And "old aunt Patience" had a motherly love for all these "chillens." They sung their sweet hymns to me till my eyes overflowed with tears. I met the women in the chapel several times to talk with them of home duties, care of children and care of themselves. Never did I see such earnest listeners. Never a people so hopeful to work for. The school needs funds, needs books, maps, etc., such as our Northern schools are furnished with. And more teachers are needed. They need some efficient woman to buy cloth and allow them to purchase at fair prices; then teach them how to cut and make up clothing—an arduous task, but one very useful and specially needed. It is not desirable that ready made clothing should be sent them.

Fifteen miles from Augusta is one of the wonders of Georgia—*Stone Mountain*, a single boulder, some two thousand feet high, with little vegetation, with no friend or relative near, it looks grand and solitary enough. On the cars I heard conversation among the men, of gold and the diggings in the northern part of the State—the soil indicates mineral wealth in abundance.

At Augusta, a genteel young colored woman was seated at the breakfast table as we entered—chairs were given us opposite her. I was pleased and wondered when this would be done in any of our first-class Northern hotels. The Southerners seem to have no prejudice against color. It, with them, is only caste. The negroes are no longer slaves; and to-day are much nearer equality in the South than in the North. Give them wealth and they will have position—and wealth they will have. They know how to work; half a century more and they will be the lords of the soil—artistic, graceful and elegant. April 29th we reached Charleston. A few miles from there, a lady, child and servant came on board our car; as I heard her giving orders in an imperious tone and haughty voice, I at once knew the slaveholder and rebel. She inquired if I was not a Northern woman? In reply, I asked if she had been in the "habit of visiting the North?" She then told me who she was, and that she was now married in Texas to a large sugar-planter. I asked if they were impoverished by the war? "O no," she said, "we looked out for that!"

Silver, jewels, cashmeres and velvets were secreted, and in the early days she made her way through the lines of both armies, reached New York, invested and sent abroad eighteen thousand dollars in gold, which she said she carried about her person. She now held in her own right three plantations in South Carolina, and was there to look after them. I inquired how her freedmen worked? She replied, "The good ones better than ever before—the lazy ones go to the Freedman's Bureau and get help."

Ever affectionately, P. W. DAVIS.

May, 1867.

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## *PROCEEDINGS OF THE WATERLOO YEARLY MEETING OF THE FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS.*

On the last day of last month and the first and second days of this month the "Friends of Human Progress" assembled at the "Old Quaker Meeting-House," Waterloo, Seneca county, New York, to hold their annual meeting for the nineteenth time.

Giles B. Stebbins was appointed chairman; Amy Post and Dr. L. A. Strobridge were selected as Vice-Presidents; A. Hudson Reed and Phebe Dean were made Secretaries, and the following named persons were called upon to act as a Business Committee:

C. D. B. Mills, Wm. Barnes, Geo. W. Taylor, Nettie Barnes, Lucy N. Colman, Samuel J. May, Charles Lenox Remond.

The following resolutions were presented by the Business Committee, which, after being ably discussed, were unanimously adopted by the meeting.

Resolved, That our nation will not have become ready to do full justice to the negro, until, not only it secures to him by irreversible guarantees for all the future his freedom, his right to the ballot and all edu-

cational and social privileges on terms of equality with the white citizens, but also takes and assures to every freedman in the South a liberal portion of that land, which, justly forfeited to its claimants by the late rebellion, the slave has for generations wrought upon and earned, and which now therefore in every consideration of propriety and equity is sacredly his.

Resolved, That in the late fearful calamities that have overtaken us as a people, purely the fruit and harvest of our partialities, injustice and oppression, we are solemnly admonished henceforth to build on the one sole foundation that is laid—on fraternity, equality and entire impartiality in our social and civil arrangements.

Resolved, That we call upon the Congress of the United States to submit, at the earliest day, to the people of the nation, an amendment to the Constitution, guaranteeing henceforth in all the States of the Union entire equality of civil rights and political privileges to all the citizens of the republic, irrespective of race, color or sex.

In addition to the above resolutions the Business Committee presented to the meeting the following topics for discussion and considerations.

Religion—its origin, meaning, etc.
The Church—its organization.
The State.
Our Country.
The Present Condition.
The opening Future.
Claims of Woman.
Relation of Labor to Capital.

A memorial to the State Constitutional Convention was read by Samuel J. May, which was unanimously accepted by the meeting, and Amy Post and Charles Lenox Remond were appointed a Committee to present the document to the Convention at Albany.

Sunday afternoon the meeting adjourned for one year, pervaded by the spirit, in view of the overflowing houses and the unanimity of the "assembled host," that the "world does indeed move."

A. HUDSON REED, }
PIERRE DEAN, } Secretaries.

June 3d, 1867.

## *NOTES FROM ABROAD.*

NO. XI.

PARIS, May 13, 1867.

*To the Editor of the Standard:*

DEAR SIR: The weather of the week just ended has been very warm, the thermometer ranging on some days from 80 to 87 degrees in the shade. The heat, however, has made but little difference in the attendance at the Exhibition. On Monday last, the number admitted was 37,543, and on Tuesday, which was the hottest day of the week, 58,400. On Sunday the number of visitors is much greater, the average being about 70,000. Thursday is also a very popular day, since it is the holiday of all the schools and colleges of Paris.

As I mentioned in the letter of May 1st, I will, in this letter, give you a brief sketch of Gallery III., which comprises Group III., and is called "Mobilier," which means Furniture, and every article in use in the dwelling-house, from shovel and tongs to lace curtains. Let us commence this circle with the French section. The first things noticed are splendid compartments filled up like bed-chambers, and containing complete sets of bedroom furniture. There are beds magnificently adorned, with beautifully colored silk along the sides, and with canopies overhead, fit for a throne, from which hang rich and heavy lace curtains; bedsteads exquisitely carved and inlaid with ivory in beautiful patterns; elegant toilette-tables with shining mirrors; splendid cabinets, with every arrangement for folding dresses and placing away all the other articles of wearing apparel; pretty little bath-rooms, most comfortable looking lounges and couches, with a stand attached for reading, a rest for the book, etc.—in short, everything that the most fastidious person would desire to have in his bed-chamber.

Following are large quantities of velvets, vellums, and all kinds of "stuffs" for furnishing houses, and particularly drawing-rooms, exposed by some of the best manufacturers and upholsterers of Paris. There is one case of velvets which attracts great attention on account of their fine quality. Next comes a splendid collection of bronzes, both real and imitation. Among them are some splendid clocks, with beautiful bronze figures. A little farther on are more compartments, fitted up like the chambers I have already mentioned. Near by are several specimens of French billiard-tables. I suppose that billiard-tables must now be considered an indispensible article in a gentleman's mansion, since they are classed in this section of the Exhibition. Next you notice a large collection of fire screens, of all shapes and patterns. Some are very handsome as articles of household furniture. Prominent in the French part is the splendid exhibition of crystals, the best show being made by the crystal manufactory of St. Louis. Among the articles exhibited are mammoth chandeliers of dazzling brightness, most beautiful sets of vases for flowers, wine glasses and goblets cut in all sorts of queer forms, complete sets of table glasses, decanters, pitchers, etc. Near by are groups of bronze and marble figures, principally for adorning staircases and halls.

Next comes a large compartment allotted to the Imperial Manufactories of Gobelin and Beauvais tapestries. The selections of Gobelin tapestry are very fine. Those of Beauvais are also good; but it is an inferior tapestry to the Gobelin. Following is another room devoted to the Imperial Manufactory of Sevres china. The selections are very beautiful. There are several pretty little tea sets, with tiny landscape scenes exquisitely painted upon them, which any lover of this beverage would envy. They are arranged in little cases which could be conveniently packed in a carpet-bag, and one could carry his tea or coffee set with him wherever he went, without danger of breaking. There are some very showy vases for centre-tables, etc., which are so skilfully painted that they resemble enamel painting.

Our attention is next attracted by an immense collection of French clocks, which, as you know, are the handsomest in the world. Every kind of design is represented. There is one that, when it strikes the hour, a little bird hops out from behind and sings most sweetly. There are others which strike not only the hour, but the half and quarter, playing a lively tune at each striking, besides telling the day of the week, the day of the month, and serving, finally, as repeaters. If, during the night, you wish to know the time, and have no light, by touching a spring the clock will tell you not only the hour, but whether it is a quarter or half or three-quarters past. And these clocks which perform so much are so small that you could put them in a great-coat pocket. They fit into leather cases, and can be turned in any way without injury.

The display of silver-ware is very good. Some of the sets are very elaborately and beautifully worked. There are some gorgeous ornaments of silver and gold combined for Catholic churches—crucifixes studded with rubies, diamonds and other precious stones, and costing almost enough to build a modest Protestant church. Ivory ornaments of every description are displayed near by. There is a fine show of cutlery—carving-knives of all shapes and sizes, with pretty carved handles; table-knives, spoons and forks in great quantities. Then there are all sorts of plates and dishes for every kind of food cooked in the world. This portion of the French department is well worth a visit, and would be enjoyed by many an American housewife who likes not only to have a good *cuisine*, but neat and handsome dishes to serve its products in.

Last, but not least, in the French section of this circle, is the compartment of perfumery. You scent the delicious perfumes from afar, and when once you have entered the compartment, with its beautiful arrangements of flowers, both natural and artificial, fountains of real Eau de Cologne and miniature mountains of perfumery, you fancy you are in a little bit of fairy land. Polite attendants are on every hand, who will perfume you gratis, and in every manner. Some will shower you with it, others shoot it at you from a sort of air-gun, from which the perfume comes like a vapor. On one hand you are requested to hold your pocket handkerchief close to a mysterious-looking hole, while the attendant touches a spring which directs a jet upon the handkerchief, and, on the other hand, another youth will hand you a dainty little bottle of "Extract," at the same time tendering you a card, with the polite request that you will visit his establishment, Rue ——, etc. Finally, you take your departure, thoroughly sprinkled with perfumery, besides carrying away many little souvenirs in the shape of miniature bottles and bags of scent.

Next to France comes the departments of Belgium and Holland. Belgium has some splendid tapestry from the Royal Manufactory of Tournay. Holland has some fine velvets. There is also in this department a toilette screen, with three full-length mirrors so arranged that a lady, in making her toilette, may look upon all sides without inconvenience. It is a very ingenious contrivance, besides being a handsome article of furniture, and has been purchased by one of the French nobility. We next reach Prussia and the States of Northern Germany. A Berlin establishment shows some fine velvets for furnishing, also a very pretty arrangement of Venetian blinds for boudoirs. There is a representation of a lady's cabinet, which is elegantly furnished, the wood-work being beautifully carved. At the reading-table is an arrangement for holding books, which can be inclined to any angle. Prussia also exhibits a fine selection of silver-ware. The royalty of Wurtemberg has on view a fine collection of bird-cages, which would be highly appreciated by ladies fond of birds. Some of them are almost pretty enough to recompense a canary for the loss of his liberty.

Following, comes the department of Austria. The first things that meet the eye are several immense glass cases filled with pipes of all kinds, shapes and sizes, arranged in all kinds of curious ways. Austria is renowned for its pipe manufactories, and they are certainly well represented. I did not know before that tobacco pipes were considered an indispensable household article. Perhaps it was reserved for the Parisian Exhibition to inform the world of the fact, for, otherwise, why would they be in this circle? Austria has also some very showy crystal chandeliers, and one of the prettiest couches in the whole circle is in this department. This country contributes large numbers of clocks, easy-chairs, rocking-chairs, etc. Next to Austria is Switzerland. The Swiss have but little in this circle; but that little is very neatly arranged. They have one room filled with furnishing goods of all kinds, the colors prettily blended, and the ceiling and walls covered with Swiss flags. Spain shows us the silk mantillas worn by the "donnas" of that romantic land, and which we often see in old paintings on Spanish subjects, also some very beautiful china and porcelaine from a manufactory of Seville.

We now cross one of the rues or streets which intersect the circles, and which extend from the outer circle to the inner garden.

In this rue, called Rue de Russie, is a collection of Russian, Norwegian and Danish figures, showing the costumes worn by the peasants of those countries. They are executed in wood, and are so pertect that at a short distance off they can hardly be told from the reality. These figures attract a great deal of attention and are worth studying, as perfectly illustrating the peasantry of those countries. Perhaps at some future time, I shall have space to notice them again. Russia has very handsome silver and gold ware, exhibited in cases made of Russian wood and transported ready made from Russia to the Exhibition. There is also most magnificent jewelry in the same cases. Although this jewelry is in this circle, I will not here describe it since it belongs to Group IV., called "Vetement" (meaning clothing, and all articles worn on the person), and will be spoken of when that circle is sketched, in the next letter. Russia also exhibits some mosaics, the handsomest in the Exhibition, and which are the work of many years. Italy has some Venetian mosaics which are very beautiful, though not equal to the Russian.

We have now reached the department of the United States. Tiffany & Co. of New York exhibit some handsome silver ware, including two beautiful models of steamships. There is quite a number of Connecticut clocks. Phelan and Collender of New York exhibit a billiard table. Thomas Jones of the same city has some fine specimens of cut glass. A Mr. Barlow of Lexington, Kentucky, exposes an ingenious contrivance called "The Planetarum," for illustrating the motions of the planets. Why it should be in this circle I cannot tell.

Somebody exhibits some neat-looking grates of Tennessee marble. Talman and Collins of Janesville, Wisconsin, have a case of perfumery. Where is the "Night Blooming Cereus," "Egyptian Lotus," and all those wonderful compounds, the advertisements of which fill up so much space in Boston and New York papers? They should not let this little Wisconsin firm go ahead of *them*, surely.

Some of Rogers's best groups are here; among them the one called "Taking the Oath and Drawing Rations." This is about all. Like the other portions of the building allotted to the United States, there is *but too little to be seen.*

Finally we come to England, which ends the circle. This department, throughout its entire length is hung with white lace curtains, which give it a very rich and imposing look. Among the objects which we first notice here are the different prize cups, won on the English race courses for the past few years, all of which are on exhibition. They are all fine specimens of the silversmith's art. The handsomest is the Goodwood Cup for 1865. The prize trophies offered every year for competition between the volunteers of the United Kingdom, are also shown. The Wimbledon prize for 1866 is the best of these. The display of drawing room furniture is very great, coming next to France. There are many splendid chamber sets, similar to those of the latter country. There is also in the English section a very pretty mechanical toy. It is a swan of silver of life-size, who swims upon a very natural-looking sheet of water. Gliding about in the water are little silver fish. The swan, from time to time, bends its neck, seizes one of the fish and swallows him. The machinery is very well worked and the whole affair very curious. It daily attracts a large crowd. Finally, as we leave the circle, we notice the fine display of earthenware, china, etc. That exposed by Mr. Minton is very celebrated. The chemists he employs have furnished him with colors which vie with the productions of Sevres and Dresden, and his artists have invented a style, with reminiscences of Italian and French fayence, but which is emphatically *sui generis*. The handsomest of his productions are two monumental candelabras.

We are now opposite the French section again, having finished the circle "Mobilier," comprising Group III.

As in the preceding letter, those countries not mentioned, have nothing worth recording in very general descriptions like these. In the next letter, I shall give a sketch of group IV. called "Vêtement."

The Luxembourg question has been referred to a Conference, composed of representatives of the five great powers (Italy was afterwards included), which commenced its sessions on Tuesday, May 7th, and finished on Saturday evening last, 11th inst. It has been successful, and a new Treaty signed on that day, settled the Luxembourg affair. The basis of the negotiations rests upon the neutralization of the territory. The details have not yet been made public. But although this quarrel is terminated, still the war is only averted for a time. The causes are greater than a dispute over a bit of territory no longer than a State county. The Exhibition may end in peace, but it will be a peace only too soon to be broken by strife.

The French government has granted the authorization to a French English Company to establish from Brest a submarine cable, to be landed at the Island of St. Pierre, at the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and thence to Halifax and the United States.

The first trip of the Great Eastern from New York to Brest was a failure, as the ship only brought over one hundred and seventy passengers instead of three hundred, as was expected. The result is a heavy loss to the Company, and the abandonment of the project. The "big ship" is now at Liverpool and has been seized at the suit of three hundred of her crew, who are unable to obtain the wages due them.

The Prince Imperial has recovered and is now at St. Cloud, where his mother visits him every day.

There have been and will be during the Summer, in Paris, a number of crowned heads and other persons of distinction. Prince Oscar of Sweden is at present in the city. The King of Greece has just left Paris. The Crown Prince of Prussia will arrive in a few weeks. The Queen of Portugal reached the city the evening before last. The King of Prussia and the Emperor of Russia will arrive the first of July. The former will be the guest of the Emperor at the Tuileries, and the Palace of the Elysée in the Faubourg St. Honore, will be allotted to the latter, as his residence. The Prince of Wales has just arrived. Finally, the Emperor and Empress of Austria will be here towards August. Whether Queen Victoria will visit the Exhibition is yet a matter of doubt.

The Emperor has ordered the examination of a street car, to be moved by steam, and which the inventor claims can convey fifty thousand people per hour to the Exhibition. I hope it may succeed, as otherwise, the omnibus company will kill off thousands of horses, if the weather continues to be as hot as the past week. The old residents tell us that this weather is nothing. That the hot (!) weather has not come yet. They shrug their shoulders and tell you to wait till July. If it is much hotter than Tuesday last, I shall not be inclined to wait. Hoping you are cool in America, I am

Very truly yours, EDMUND QUINCY PUTNAM.

## *SUFFRAGE FOR WOMEN.*

### SPEECH BY JOHN STUART MILL.

WHY WOMEN SHOULD VOTE.

In the House of Commons, May 20, John Stuart Mill made an amendment to the fourth clause of the Representation bill, to substitute the word "person" for "man," and supported it with the following argument in favor of extending the franchise to women:

I rise to propose an extension of the franchise which can excite no party or class feeling in this house, and which cannot give umbrage to the keenest advocates of the claims of property or numbers—an extension which has not the slightest tendency to disturb that of which we have lately heard so much, the balance of political power; which cannot afflict the most timid alarmist with any revolutionary terrors, nor offend the most jealous democrat as an infringement of popular rights which was giving an advantage to one class which is denied to another. There is nothing to distract our attention from the simple question whether there is any sufficient justification for continuing the exclusion of an entire half of the community, not only from actual admission, but also from the possibility of ever being admitted within the pale of the constitution, although they may fulfil all the conditions of legal and constitutional citizenship. (Hear, hear.) Within the limits of our constitution this is a solitary case. There is no other example of exclusion which is absolute. If the law refuse a vote to all except the possessor of £5,000 a year, the poorest man in the community might, and now and then would, acquire the franchise. But neither birth, nor fortune, nor intellect, nor exertion, nor even that great disposer of human affairs, accident, can ever enable any woman to make her voice heard in those national affairs which touch her as nearly as any other member of the comunity. (Hear, hear.)

INJUSTICE OF EXCLUDING WOMEN.

Before going any farther I may be permitted to say that a *prima facie* case has already been made out. It is not just to make distinctions in rights or privileges without sufficient reason. I do not mean to say that the political franchise or any other political function is an abstract right, or that the withholding of it from any one without just reason or expediency is a public wrong. My argument is entirely one of expediency. All expediencies are not all exactly on the same level. There is a very important branch of expediency which is called justice; and justice, although it does not necessarily require that we should confer political privileges upon all persons, requires that we shall not capriciously and without cause withhold from one what we give to another. (Hear, hear.)

It is not only the general principles of justice that are infringed if not set aside, by the exclusion of women merely as women from the suffrage; but also a particular doctrine of the Brittish constitution. According to that doctrine this exclusion violates one of the oldest and most cherished of our constitutional maxims—a doctrine dear to all reformers, and theoretically acknowledged by almost all conservatives—the doctrine that taxation and representation should be coexistent.

TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION.

Does not every woman pay taxes? Does not every woman who is *sui juris* contribute exactly the same amount of revenue as every man who has the same electoral qualifications? If a stake in the country settles it, then every holder of freehold property has a stake in the country, whether that holder is a man or a woman. No one I think can possibly pretend that women, many of whom are responsible heads of families—women who manage estates or conduct a business—women who pay rates and taxes even to a large amount, and frequently with their own earnings; and many of whom in the capacity of schoolmistresses teach a great deal more than a great portion of male electors ever learned (laughter)—no one, I say, can pretend that they are not fit to exercise the political functions of which every male householder is supposed to be capable. (Hear, hear.) Is it supposed that if they are admitted to the suffrage they will revolutionize the state, or deprive us of any of our valued institutions, or that they would be worse governed than at present? No one believes any of those things.

It was most justly and truly said by my right honorable friend, the member for South Lancashire, in the most misunderstood and misrepresented speech I have ever heard (hear, hear], that in order to lay a ground for the exclusion of any one from the franchise it is necessary to allege personal unfitness or public danger. (Hear hear.) Neither of these things, I venture to say, can possibly be alleged in the present case. (Hear hear.) There is evidence in our constitutional records that women have voted for counties and some boroughs at a distant period of our history.

OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

The house will probably expect that I should not rest my arguments solely or principally upon general principles either of justice or of the constitution, but that I should allege practical reasons. There is one practical reason of very great force which I frankly confess is totally wanting in the case of women—they do not hold meetings in Hyde Park (laughter), nor get up political demonstrations at Islington. (Hear, hear.) How far this fact may be considered to prejudice or invalidate their claims I do not pretend to say. But practical reasons of another kind—practical in the most restricted sense of the term—are not wanting; and I am prepared to state, if I may be permitted, first what are the practical objections. The difficulty which most people feel in connection with this question is not practical. There is nothing practical in it at all; it is a mere feeling—a feeling of strangeness. The proposal they say is new; at least they think so. That, however, is a great mistake, for the proposal is a very old one.

Sir, some things were very strange to many of us some months ago (laughter), and many others are strange now which will not be strange to some persons a few years hence, or even possibly a few months hence. We live in a world of novelty. The despotism of custom is on the wane. We are not satisfied now to know why a thing is, but whether it ought to be. I am bound to suppose that in this house an appeal lies from custom to a higher tribunal, in which reason is the judge. Now the reasons which custom is in the habit of giving for itself on this subject are very brief, and that indeed is one of my difficulties. It is not easy to refute an interjection. Interjections, however, are the only arguments which we usually hear on this subject, which it appears to me are at all difficult to refute.

The others consist chiefly of such aphorisms as these—politics are not women's business, and would make them neglect their proper duties—women do not desire the franchise, and would rather not have it—women are sufficiently represented by their male representatives—women have power enough already. (Laughter.) I shall perhaps be thought to have done enough in the way of answering when I have answered all these; it may, perhaps, instigate any honorable gentleman who takes the trouble of replying to me to produce something more recondite.

WOMEN IN POLITICS.

Politics, it is said, are not a woman's business. Well, I am not aware that politics are a man's business either, unless he is one of the few who are paid for devoting their time to the public service, or is a member of this or the other house. The great majority of male voters have their own business, which engrosses nearly the whole of their time; but I never heard that the hours occupied in attending once in a few years the polling booth, or the time spent in reading the newspapers or political treatises, has hitherto made them neglect their shops or their counting-houses. I have not heard that those who have votes are worse merchants, worse lawyers or worse physicians, or even worse clergymen than other people. One would think that the British Constitution allowed no man to vote who was not able to give the greater part of his time to politics. If that were the case we should have very limited constituencies. (Hear, hear.) Is it not the essential basis of constitutional liberty that men should know whether they are properly governed or not, and by whom? All those nations which have this privilege excel most in the conducting of all ordinary affairs. It is said that the usual occupations of most women are and will likely continue to be domestic. I ask are these occupations incompatible with a deep interest in national affairs, and in all that concerns humanity? To say that they are, would be as futile as the apprehension that artisans would desert their factories and work-shops if they were taught to read.

THE SPECIAL OCCUPATIONS OF WOMEN.

I know that there is an absurd feeling—which it is felt to be shameful to express openly—that a woman has no right to care about anything except to become the most useful and most devoted servant of man. (A laugh.) I am sure no one here will say that the existence of fully one-half of the human race should be for the benefit of the other half. (Hear hear.) To say so would be perfectly silly. Those who have had the ordinary experience of life know that without a certain amount of mental cultivation the occupations I have referred to cannot be carried on. It requires brains to use practical experience, but brains without practical experience would go further than practical experience without brains. (Hear.) It is thought that the special occupations of women are more antagonistic than those of men to a comprehension of public affairs. Perhaps it was thought that those who had the chief charge of the moral bringing up of a future generation could not have an opinion worth caring about, or as if those whose duty it was in the household to produce the greatest results with the smallest means could not be compared with those honorable gentlemen opposite who manage to produce such singularly small results with such large means. (A laugh.)

A SILENT DOMESTIC REVOLUTION.

I should not feel the confidence I do in this subject if the great change I advocate was not grounded on a previous social change. The idea of a hard line of separation between man's province of thought and woman's belongs to a state of society that is receding further and further into the past. We talk of the political revolutions of the world, but we do not pay sufficient attention to the fact that there has taken place among us a silent domestic revolution. (Hear.) Women and men for the first time in history are really companions. Our traditions of the proper relations between them have descended from a time when their lives were apart, when they were separate both in their amusements and in their serious occupations. The man spent his hours of leisure among men—all his friendships, all his intimacies were with men—with man alone did he converse on any serious subject; the wife was either a plaything or an upper servant.

All this among the educated classes is changed. Men no longer give up their spare time to violent outdoor exercises and boisterous convivialities with male associates; the home has acquired the ascendency; the two sexes really now pass their time together; the women of the family are the man's habitual society—the wife is his chief associate, his most confidential friend, and often his most trusted counsellor. (Cheers.) Now, does a man wish to have for his nearest companion—linked so closely with himself, and whose wishes and preferences have so strong a claim upon him—one whose thoughts are alien from those which occupy his own mind, one who can give neither help, nor comfort, nor support, to his noblest feelings and purposes? (Hear hear.)

Is this close and almost exclusive companionship compatible with women being warned off all large subjects, taught that they ought not to care about what it is the man's duty to care for, and that to take part in any serious interests outside the household is stepping beyond their province? Is it good for a man to pass his life in close communion of thoughts and feelings with a person studiously kept inferior to himself—whose earthly interests are forcibly restrained within four walls—who is taught to cultivate as a grace of character ignorance and indifference about the most inspiring subjects, those among which his highest duties are cast? (Hear hear.) Does any one suppose that this can happen without detriment to the man's own character?

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

The time is come when women, if not raised to the level of men, men will be pulled down to theirs. (A laugh.) The women of a man's family are either the stimulus and support to his higher aspirations, or a drag upon him. You may keep them ignorant of politics, but you cannot keep them from concerning themselves with the least respectable part of politics—its personalities. (Hear, hear.) If they do not understand and cannot enter into the man's feelings of public duty, they do not care about his private interests, and that is the scale into which their weight is certain to be thrown. They are an influence always at hand, co-operating with his selfish promptings, watching and taking advantage of every moment of moral irresolution, and doubling the strength of every temptation. Even if they maintain a modest neutrality, their mere absence of sympathy hangs as a dead-weight on his moral energies, and makes him averse to incur sacrifices which they will feel, and to forego worldly successes and advantages in which they would share for the sake of objects which they cannot appreciate.

But suppose him to be happily preserved from temptation to an actual sacrifice of conscience, the insensible influence of the higher part of his own nature is still deplorable. Under an idle notion that the beauties of character of the two sexes are mutually incompatible, men are afraid of manly women (a laugh); but those who have reflected on the nature and power of social influences know that when there are not manly women there will not be manly men. (A laugh.) Men and women are really companions. If the women are frivolous the men will be frivolous. If women care only for personal interests and trifling amusements, men in general will care for little else. The two sexes must now rise and sink together.

WOMAN'S INTEREST IN PUBLIC QUESTIONS.

It may be said that women can take interest in great national questions without having a vote. Certainly they can; but how many of them will? All that society and education can do is exhausted in inculcating in women that their rule of conduct ought to be what society expects from them. And the denial of the vote is a proclamation intelligible to every one, that society does not expect them to concern themselves with public questions. Why, the whole of a girl's thoughts and feelings are toned down by it from her earliest school days. She does not take the interest even in national history that a boy does, because it is to be no business of hers when she grows up. If there are women—and fortunately there are now—who do care about those subjects and study them, it is because the force within is powerful enough to bear up against the worst kind of discouragement, that which acts not by interposing obstacles which may be struggled against, but by deadening the spirit which faces and conquers obstacles.

DO WOMEN WANT THE BALLOT?

We are told that women do not wish for the suffrage. If this be so it only proves that nearly all women are still under this deadening influence—that the opiate still benumbs their minds and consciences. But there are many women who do desire the suffrage, and have claimed it by petitions to this house. How do we know how many more thousands there are who have not asked for what they do not hope to get for fear of being ill thought of by men or by other women, or from the feeling so sedulously cultivated by the whole of their education—aversion to make themselves conspicuous. Men must have a great faculty of self-delusion if they suppose that leading questions put to the ladies of their families or of their acquaintance will elicit their real sentiments—will be answered with entire sincerity by one woman in ten thousand. No one is so well schooled as most women are of making a virtue of necessity.

It costs little to disclaim caring for what is not offered, but frankness in expressing fully what may be disagreeable or conflicting to their recent convictions is not one of those virtues which woman education tends to cultivate. At all events those who do not care for the suffrage will not use it. Either they will not register, or if they do, they will vote as their male relatives advise them, by which, as the advantage would be about equally shared among all classes, no harm would be done. Those who, whether few or many, do value the privilege would exercise it, and so experience that stimulus to their faculties which the suffrage seldom fails to exert over every class admitted to share it. Meanwhile an unworthy stigma would be taken off the whole sex. They would be no longer classed with children, idiots, and lunatics (laughter), or incapable of taking care of themselves or others. If only one woman in twenty thousand used the vote it would be a gain to all women to be declared capable of using it.

POLITICAL POWER.

It is said that women do not want direct political power, because they have so much indirect political power through the influence they have over their male relatives and connections. (A laugh.) I should like to try this argument in other cases. Rich people have a great deal of indirect influence. (Cheers.) Is this a reason for denying them a vote? (Hear.) Did any one ever propose a reform bill to disfranchise every one who lived in a £500 a year house and paid £100 a year in direct taxes? Unless this rule of distributing the franchise is to be reserved for the exclusive benefit of women the legitimate consequences of it will be that persons above a certain amount of fortune should be allowed to bribe but not to vote.

It is true that women have already great power. It is part of my case that they have great power, but they have it under the worst conditions, because it is indirect, and therefore irresponsible. I want to make this a responsible power. I want to make the influence of women work by a manly interchange of opinion (a laugh), and not by cajolery. (Hear, hear.) I want to awaken in her a political point of honor. The man alone whom she influences is alone responsible. Her power is like that of the backstairs influence of a favorite. (A laugh.) I demand that all who exercise power should have the burden laid on them of knowing something of the things which they have power over. With an admitted right to a vote would come a sense of the corresponding duty. A woman is not generally inferior to a man in tenderness of conscience, and she will understand that political honesty is not a foolish personal crotchet but a serious duty.

PROTECTION BY SUFFRAGE.

It may be said that women, as women, suffer no practical inconvenience by not being represented, that their interests are safer in the hands of their fathers and husbands. It is exactly what has been said of all other unrepresented classes. Are not, it is asked, the operatives represented by their employers, both having a common interest? To insinuate the contrary is the horrible crime of setting class against class. We are not living in Arcadia, but as lately remarked, *in face Romuli*, and in that region workmen need other protection than that of their masters, and women than that of their men. I should like to see a return of the number of women annually beaten to death, kicked to death, and trodden to death by their male protectors. (Cheers.) I should like this return to have a column of the sentences passed in the cases in which the criminal did not get off altogether, and a third column of the comparative view of the amount of property the unlawful taking of which had in the same session been by the same judge law thought worthy of the same degree of punishment. We should thus obtain an arithmetical estimate of the value set by the male legislature and male tribunals on the murder of a woman by habitual torture—often prolonged for years—which, if there is any shame in us, should make us hang our heads. (Cheers.)

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

As to education, it is generally said that the education of mothers is the most part of the education of the country, because they educate the men. Is so much importance really attached to it? Do fathers care as much, or spend as much for the education of their daughters as they do for their sons? Where are the universities and public schools for girls? I am informed by the highest authority on the question that in the majority of deeds of endowment of schools the provision was generally and not specially for boys. In Christ's Hospital, which was designed for both, eleven hundred boys are maintained and educated, and only twenty-six girls. There was really only one occupation open to women, that of governesses.

WOMEN DOCTORS.

One instance I shall mention as worthy of imitation. A young lady—Miss Garrett—from no pressure of necessity, but from a laudable desire to find scope for her activity, applied herself to the study of medicine. The doors of all the institutions by which she could be admitted to the profession were closed against her except one—the Apothecaries' Hall. (Hear.) She obtained admission, but afterwards so objectionable did it seem to that body that they resolved to close the door and to admit no second Miss Garrett. This case was only an *instar omnium*. A short time ago women could be associates of the Royal Academy, but as soon as they had distinguished themselves this privilege was taken away from them. (Hear, hear.) This was the kind of care taken of women who faithfully represented them. Again, by common law all the wife's property belonged to the husband; but in the higher classes the injustice to which this often gave rise was prevented by marriage settlements, of which the poor did not avail themselves. (Hear.)

REMEDY FOR PRACTICAL GRIEVANCES.

I am sometimes asked what practical grievance I propose to remedy by enabling women to vote. I propose for one thing to remedy this. I give these few instances to prove that women are not the petted favorites of society which some people seem to imagine; that they have not that abundance, that superfluity of influence which is ascribed to them, and are not sufficiently represented by the representation of those who have never cared to do on their behalf so obvious an act of justice. (Hear, hear.) Grievances of less magnitude than the law of the property of married women, when affecting persons and classes less inured to passive endurance, have provoked revolutions.

We ought not to take advantage of the security which we feel against any such danger in the present case to refuse to a limited class of women that small amount of participation in the enactment and improvement of our laws which this motion solicits for them, and which would enable the general feelings of women to be heard in this house through a few male representatives. We ought not to deny to them what we are going to accord to everybody else—a right to be consulted; the common chance of placing in the great councils of the nation a few organs of their sentiments—of having, what every petty trade and profession has, a few members of the legislature with a special call to stand up for their interests and direct attention to the mode in which those interests are affected by the law or by any changes in it. And when the time comes, as it is certain to come, when this will be conceded, I feel the firmest conviction that you will never repent of the concession. (Loud cheers.)

The honorable member then moved his amendment to omit the word "man" in the fourth clause, and to insert the word "person."

The subject was discussed by Messrs. Karslake, Denman, Fawcet and Laing, and Sir G. Barger, and the amendment was then rejected—yeas, 73; nays, 196. Majority, 123.

## *LITERARY.*

Ticknor & Fields have in press the "Life of Ulric Dahlgren," written by his father, the Admiral. A new story by Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe, the title of which is "Our People in Shawmut;" a new novel by Mrs. L. M. Child, called "A Romance of the Republic;" a new story in verse, by Robert Browning, the title of which is not yet announced; a book by Gail Hamilton, called "Wool Gathering;" "Journal of a Year in Brazil," by Professor and Mrs. Agassiz, with contributions from their travelling companions; "Farming for Boys," by the author of "Ten Acres Enough;" "Hawthorne's Note Book of America;" and a new edition of Dr. Hayes's "Artic Boat Journey," with illustrations.

Senator Sumner's famous speech on Russian America has been translated into the Russian tongue by Mr. Buyintzky, of the State Department, and is to be published in pamphlet form for circulation in Russia.

Several posthumous works of Mendelssohn (including his much-talked-of Reformation Symphony) hitherto withheld from publication by his executors, are now about to appear.

Mr. Charles H. Sweetser, of the New York *Evening Gazette*, is preparing a guide-book for Minnesota and the Northwest.

The Boston *Traveller* announces that Mr. Wm. B. Pike, of Salem, has ready for the press a life of Nathaniel Hawthorne. It says that Mr. Pike knew him from childhood, and was his intimate and trusted friend for many years when they were both in the Custom House.


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# Miscellaneous Department.

## TO MARY.

BY CHARLES WOLFE.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be:
It never through my mind had past
That time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak, thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart
And where thy smiles have been.
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still my own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave,
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart
In thinking too of thee:
Yet there was round thee such a dawn?
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.

## *A TERRIBLE BEDFELLOW.*

I LOOKED at my neighbor with considerable curiosity. His face indicated a man of not over thirty years—a period at which men are still young; but his hair was as white as fresh-falllen snow. One seldom sees, even on the heads of the oldest men, hair of such immaculate whiteness. He sat by my side in a car of the Great Western Railroad, in Canada, and was looking out of the window. Suddenly turning his head he caught me in the act of staring at him—a rudeness of which I was ashamed. I was about to say words of apology, when he quietly remarked:

"Don't mention it, sir; I'm used to it."

The frankness of this observation pleased me, and in a very little while we were conversing on terms of familar acquaintanceship; and before long he told me the whole story.

"I was a soldier in the army of India," said he, "and as is often the case with soldiers, I was a little too fond of liquor. One day I got drunk and was shut up in the black hole for it. I slumped down upon the floor of the dungeon, and I was just dropping off to sleep, when I felt a cold, slimy shape crawling across my right hand as it lay stretched out above my head on the floor. I knew at once what it was—a snake! Of course my first impulse was to draw away my hand; but knowing that if I did so the poisonous reptile would probably strike its fangs into me, I lay still with my heart beating in my breast like a trip-hammer. Of course my fright sobered me instantly. I realized all my peril in its fullest extent. O, how I lamented the hour that I had touched liquor! In every glass of liquor they say there is a serpent; but it does not come to everybody in the shape it came to me. With a slow undulating motion the reptile dragged its carcass across my face, inch by inch, and crept down over my breast and thrust its head inside my jacket. As I felt the hideous scraping of the slimy body over my cheeks, it was only by the most tremendous effort that I succeeded in restraining myself from yelling loudly with mingled terror and disgust.

At last I felt the tail wriggling down towards my chin; but imagine what I felt at heart, if you *can* imagine it, as I realized that the dreadful creature had coiled itself up under my jacket as I lay, and had seemingly gone to sleep, for it was still as death. Evidently it had no idea that I was a human creature: if it had it would never have acted in this manner. All snakes are cowardly, and they will not approach a man unless to strike him in self-defence. Three hours I lay with that dreadful weight in my bosom, and each minute was like an hour to me—like a year. I seemed to have lived a life-time in that brief space. Every incident of my life passed across my memory in rapid succession as they say is the case with a drowning man. I thought of my mother, away in old England; my happy home by the borders of the Avon; my Mary, the girl I loved, and never expected to see them more.

For no matter how long I bore this, I felt that it would end in death at last. I lay as rigid as a corpse, scarcely daring even to breathe; and all the time my breast was growing colder and colder where the snake was lying against it, with nothing but a thin cotton shirt between my skin and its. I knew if I stirred it would strike; but I felt that I could not bear this much longer. Even if I succeeded in lying still until the guard came, I expected his opening the door and coming in would be my death warrant all the same; for no doubt the reptile would see that I was a man, as soon as the light should be let in at the door. At last I heard footsteps approaching. There was a rattling at the lock. It was the guard. He opened the door. The snake—a *cobra di capello* I now saw—darting up its huge hooded head, with the hideous rings around its eyes as if about to strike. I shut my eyes and murmured a prayer. Then it glided away with a swift motion and disappeared in the darkness. I staggered to my feet and fell swooning into the arms of the guard. For weeks after I was very sick; and when I was able to be about, I found that my hair was as white as you now see it. I have not touched a drop of liquor since.

## *COAL, ITS ORIGIN AND NATURE.*

THERE can be no reasonable doubt that all coals, bituminous and anthracite, are of vegetable origin. By a powerful microscope the vegetable texture of the mass can be distinguished, not only in softer qualities, but even in the hardest anthracite. We have seen specimens of indubitable jet yield to the power of the microscope, and reveal the original grain of the wood or vegetable fibre. Peat is the first combustible form of coal, and if our peat beds, now sought after with so much avidity, and judged to be such mines of wealth, were suffered to remain undisturbed, they would, at some future period, become beds of coal for warming and lighting the winters of future generations.

Coal is not a material belonging exclusively to past geologic periods, but is in process of formation now, as may be proved by an examination of the "brown coal," well known in Europe, and frequently met with here. Thin slices, which allow the light to pass through them, show to the naked eye the original vegetable structure. It is universally acknowleged that this "brown coal," or lignite, is an undeveloped coal, not yet subjected to the change of years which would transform it into pure bituminous or anthracite coal. To be sure, time is required to change the disintegrated porous mass of vegetable fibres, roots, and tendrils, leaves and lignum, to hard, brilliant, laminated, or crystallized coal. But Nature works slowly. We find it difficult to understand her process or to comprehend her infinite patience, which watches through unnumbered years and countless ages for the slow and gradual progression of her agencies.

But it is certain that her transforming processes have not suffered an abatement of their original power by the discoveries of man. They still go on, and will so long as this globe and universe endure.

It is possible that the present furore about peat will lead to the discovery of accelerating the action of unaided natural forces, so that this material may be made to give out as much heat power as the concentrated coal, but we much doubt it. The principal fault with our coal is that it combines with it elements deleterious to iron, whether in a state of fusion or merely subjected temporarily to its heat. Stoves, for instance, which are constructed to burn wood only will last a life-time or longer; but burn anthracite coal and the parts warp and crack and oxydize until the stove, or that portion exposed to the direct action of the heat must be renewed yearly if not oftener. With the bituminous coal it is still worse. The grate, with a hot fire, yields and falls in pellicles, melted from the mass, until, in a short time, the most important portions of the contrivance are useless. To withstand the concentrated heat they must be made of extraordinary thickness.

In reducing ores, also, and especially in fusing iron, these components of coal are the cause of much trouble. They are foreign bodies, which have become incorporated with the orignal vegetable mass, and hold chemically or mechanically suspended, sulphur silicon, and other elements, which are detrimental to the metal.

There is no reason to believe that all varieties of coal have a common origin. They are vegetable masses, which, mixed with inorganic particles, have undergone different degrees of mineralization, the more recent still retaining much of the volatile elements, the bituminous less, and the anthracite still less, until this will burn with little flame and no smoke.—*Scientific American.*

## THE SEA.

I HEARD or seemed to hear the chiding sea
Say, Pilgrim, why so late and so slow to come?
Am I not always here, thy summer home?
Is not my voice thy music, morn and eve?
My breath thy healthful climate in the heats,
My touch thy antidote, my bay thy bath?
Was ever building like my terraces?
Was ever couch magnificent as mine?
Lie on the warm rock-ledges, and there learn
A little but suffices like a town.
I make your sculptured architecture vain,
Vain beside mine. I drive my wedges home,
And carve the coast-wise mountain into caves.
Lo! here is Rome, and Nineveh and Thebes,
Karnak, and Pyramid, and Giant's Stairs,
Half-piled or prostrate and my newest slab
Older than all thy race.

Behold the sea,
The opaline, the plentiful and strong,
Yet beautful as is the rose in June,
Fresh as the trickling rainbow in July;
Sea full of food, and nourisher of kinds,
Purger of earth, and medicine of men;
Creating a sweet climate by my breath,
Washing out harms and griefs from memory
And, in my mathematic ebb and flow,
Giving a hint of that which changes not.

Rich are the sea-gods; who gives gifts but they
They grope the sea for pearls, but more than pearls;
They pluck Force, thence, and give it to the wise,
For every wave is wealth to Dædalus,
Wealth to the cunning artist who can work
This matchless strength. Where shall we find, O waves,
A load your Atlas shoulders cannot lift?

I with my hammer pounding evermore
The rocky coast, smite Andes in the dust,
Strewing my bed, and, in another age,
Rebuild a continent of better men.
Then I unbar the doors; my paths lead out
The exodus of nations; I disperse
Men to all shores that front the hoary main.

I too have arts and sorceries;
Illusion dwells forever with the wave.
I know what spells are laid. Leave me to deal
With credulous and imaginative man;
For, though he scoop my water in his palm,
A few rods off he deems it gems and clouds.
Planting strange fruit and sunshine on the shore,
I make some coast alluring, some lone isle,
To distant men, who must go there or die.
—*Emerson's "May Day."*

## *THE FORTRESS OF LUXEMBURG.*

"CARLETON," the correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, has visited the celebrated fortress of Luxemburg, soon to be demolished, in accordance with the treaty between Prussia and France, and gives this interesting account of it:

"Go with me up the main street of the upper town, toward the North. We pass barracks where soldiers are at drill, and then through a gate-way. This is the inner line of circumvallation, and the walls of stone and earth are seventy-five feet thick, and planted with trees, which are already two feet in diameter. We cross a drawbridge, with a deep, wide ditch beneath us, then another line of circumvallation, another drawbridge, a third wall, a third ditch, and then beyond these, lunettes and redoubts. We pass files of soldiers, who are carrying shells and cannon balls into the inner fortress. We pass a park of field artillery, eight pieces. Upon the parapets we see gangs of men, with wheelbarrows and spades, throwing up earth; engineers are setting stakes, and everybody is at work, making the fortress still more secure. Being outside the three walls, and the three deep ditches, going Westward a mile, with the walls looming on our left hand, we reach the most vulnerable portion—that which connects with the main land, and here we find hundreds of men hard at work strengthening the old embankments and throwing up new. Retracing our steps and going East from the Northern gate, we look down into a deep rocky gorge, and see a small steam railroad to Treves winding under the cliff; we look upon the lower town, where the houses are crowded thickly together, three hundred feet below us. In the barrack yard a regiment is at drill. Looking along the cliff, we see a squad of men practicing at target; we can hear the singing of the bullet as it spins from the needle-gun. Looking across the gorge, we see another great fortress, with walls, ditches, bastions and port-holes in the solid rock; and away beyond, on still higher ground, another fortress, commanding the first. The gorge is at least two hundred feet deep, and the sides almost precipitous. This immense system of fortifications has been many years under construction. The Spaniards began to improve upon what nature had done as early as 1697; the Austrians, being masters in 1713, spent a vast sum of money here. The French laid out millions of francs upon it while in possession, and in these walls are millions of Dutch guilders. It is said to be the strongest fortress in the world, after Gibralter. It is full three miles from the West to the East angles. There is no end of angles, of platforms for guns, enfilading every inch of ground. The German Diet since 1830 has laid out large sums of money here. I do not see many heavy guns in position, but should occasion call, Prussia could quickly place enough upon the walls to hold it against the entire army of France."

CARLYLE IN TROUBLE.—The habit of "guying" is carried to a great extent by the street population of London, but we had no idea that it had reached so far as to be a source of trouble to the great contemner of shams and "unveracities." Mr. Ruskin, however, in a recent letter, refers to a conversation with Carlyle, in which the "censor of the age" confesses a new difficulty with the populace. He says:

In the streets of Chelsea, and of the whole district of London round it, from the park to the outer country (some twelve or fifteen miles of disorganized, foul, sinful, and most wretched life), Carlyle now cannot walk without being insulted, chiefly because he is a gray old man, and also because he is cleanly dressed—these two conditions of him being wholly hostile, as the mob of the street feel, to their own instincts, and so far as they appear to claim some kind of reverence and recognition of betterness, to be instantly crushed and jeered out of their way. And this temper of the London populace has been, he said, steadily on the increase for the last twenty years, so that now the streets have become nearly impassable to him, riding or walking, and he must either get through the quietest he can find to the park, or be fain to walk his rounds under the night, when it cannot be manifest to the public provocation, either that he is old, or has a whole coat on.

## GONE.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE South wind brings
Life, sunshine and desire,
And on every mount and meadow
Breathes aromatic fire;
But over the dead he has no power,
The lost, the lost, he cannot restore;
And, looking over the hills, I mourn
The darling who shall not return.

KOSSUTH protests against the course that has been pursued by the Hungarians who now have control of their country. He thinks that Deak and his party have done wrong in making the arrangements they have adopted with the Austrian house. His course will not have much effect on Hungarian action, as he belongs to a past age, and has been in exile eighteen years, during which a new generation has risen into activity. Deak depends for the success of his policy on the good faith of the Austrians, and though that is not the best security he could have, judging from the past, it ought to be borne in mind that Austrian circumstances are very different now from what they were in former times. Francis Joseph has motives for acting honestly toward Hungary that were unknown to his predecessors, the loss of Austria's place in Germany having made the old Magyar Kingdom a far more important country than it was possible it should be under the old regime. Adversity, too, may have taught the Vienna bureaucracy something like a sense of justice.

## *WONDERFUL CASE OF COMA.*

A YOUNG LADY ASLEEP TWELVE YEARS.

From the Hickman Courier, May 3.

SOME eight miles from Hickman there exists a young lady who presents the most wonderful case of coma, or preternatural disposition to sleep, of which we have ever known or heard. When about twelve years old she was taken with a severe chill, and treated by her physicians accordingly. As her fever which followed the chill subsided she fell into a deep sleep, in which condition she has remained ever since, except at intervals. She awakes regularly twice in every twenty-four hours, at which time nourishment is given her, and it is a most singular fact that she always awakes within a few minutes of the same hours every day. She will remain awake and perfectly conscious ten or perhaps fifteen minutes, and then gradually drop off to sleep again. When asleep it is utterly impossible to arouse her. She is now twenty-four years old, and has consequently been in this comatose condition a period of twelve years. When awake, she does not appear to suffer except from a drowsy gaping inclination, and a persistent effort to cleanse her throat of phlegm. She never complains of any bodily pain. In sleep she is very nervous at times, and appears to suffer considerably by the violent twitching and jerking of her muscles and limbs, and her hands are clenched tightly as if enduring severe pain. The paroxysm will continue perhaps five minutes, and she then sleeps as calmly and quietly as an infant. Her food consists of mush, gruel, and such things as are usually given confirmed invalids. When awake, she will answer questions asked her, and can converse with some intelligence, but never exhibits any interest in anything, or desire to talk. Talking seems to be a labor to her. She, of course, has never had any of the advantages of education or society, and her ideas of everything are quite child-like. Her features are inclined to be pretty, and though deprived of the tints of health, are not marked by that sickly pallor which her condition would indicate. She has long, dark, wavy hair, which her poor old mother takes great care in combing and dressing, and her complexion that of a pale, delicate brunette. She is of ordinary size, and her limbs and muscles well proportioned and developed. She has grown considerably since her affliction. Her name is Miss Mary Godsy, and her mother is a very poor widow lady, dependent upon the charity of neighbors and visitors for a support. She has been visited since her affliction by many eminent physicians, but her condition defies all medical skill. Indeed, we have not met any one who claims to understand the cause or nature of her disease.

## *A NEW THEORY OF THE TIDES.*

THE phenomenon of the tides has only been recently attributed to the moon, but the theory of the tide on the side of the earth opposite the moon has never yet been satisfactorily explained. Professor Sullivan, with other geographers, explains it as owing to the body of the earth being drawn away by the attraction of the moon, leaving the waters behind as a tide. But a young Canadian author, Mr. E. S. Wiggins, now claims the honor of having discovered the true theory, as appears from a recent article in the Picton *Times*. After showing the futility of the idea that the earth is drawn toward the moon by such a small body, which, however, it never approaches, he gives the following explanation:

"On looking at a map of the world, it will be seen that two great ridges of land, on nearly opposite sides of the earth, formed by the great continents, intersect the watery world from north to south. Now, the moon passing transversely over these in her western course, owing to the rotary motion of the North toward the East, creates a tidal wave in the Atlantic, extending along the meridian of Western Africa and Europe. This follows the moon westward, but can continue no further than the coast of the New World. Here, from the resistance it receives, and its tendency to seek an equilibrium, it is reflected back and is recrossing the Atlantic by the time the moon has originated a similar wave on the opposite side of the earth in the Pacific."

This, he thinks, is plainly proved by the fact that, as has long been a source of marvel, the tides never appear but once every twenty-four hours south of Cape Horn, or the Cape of Good Hope, owing, he opines, to the continents not extending far enough south to reflect the tidal wave. All this seems plausible, when it is considered that in the mid ocean the tides never rise higher than five feet, and that they are always later on the eastern coast of Great Britain than on the western, which all admit to result from the motion of the tidal wave toward the East.—*Toronto Leader.*

## TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way!

Vainly the towler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocky billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a Summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

CURIOSITIES OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—The most attractive curiosities of the French department of the Paris Exposition is a newly invented cravat pin. Everybody has seen how bells are rung in the new hotels. Instead of pulling the bell and making it ring by an exertion of mechanical force, we press a small button in the wall; this is connected by an electric wire with a little alarm, the clapper of which keeps on jingling so long as the button is pressed. This principle a French jeweler has adapted to cravat pins. The knob of the pin is of various devices. It is a hare with a tabor, or a drummer with his drum, or a death's head with a loose under jaw, or a dog. Whoever chooses to wear such a pin, has connected with it by a wire a small electrical battery in one of his pockets. He puts his hand into his pocket, touches a button there, and off goes the pin. The hare begins to patter on the tabor, the drummer to beat on his drum, the death's head to chatter and roll its horrid eyes, or the dog to bark and snap. When the hand is lifted from the button, instantly all is quiet.

In the British department a curious swan attracts great attention. When we approach the bird we see him floating as if in water, and resting his head behind his wings. He is wound up, and he begins to raise his head with all the proper motions of the swan. He curves his neck in pride; he espies some fish in the water before him; he lowers his head to seize one; he holds it in his beak for an instant; he then swallows it, and, last of all, returns gracefully to rest. The action is very pretty and calls forth loud applause. The bird, however, is indeed very old, though his plumage may be new. Its mechanism was supposed to have been constructed by a Mr. Weekes, who lived in the reign of George III.; but it was lately discovered that it formed part of the museum of Mr. Cox, a London jeweler, who lived in the reign of George II., and whose collections must have been of some importance, as he obtained an act of Parliament to enable him to dispose of it by lottery. Mr. Harry Emanuel has put the clock-work mechanism in order, and has given the bird a new and beautiful silver plumage; but this is all he had to do with the invention of the toy, which proves so attractive to the multitude, and which seems to eclipse all else in its neighborhood.

## TO A SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth, where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted strain
('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain;
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood—
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.

WORDSWORTH.

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—A rather curious incident occurred recently at Freinwalde, a favorite watering-place about forty miles North of Berlin. The church was to have a large new bell, and all the inhabitants had assembled to celebrate the occasion and to watch the process of its suspension. A band, moreover, was stationed in the steeple to give it a musical reception. The appointed hour for the ceremony arrived, but not the bell. The spectators watched and the band played for three long hours, but the principal actor in the piece did not make his appearance. At last, at 12 o'clock, their patience was at an end, and the musicians descended from their lofty orchestra. The last man was hardly in safety when the steeple was struck by lightning and set on fire, and the old bell fell, a mass of glowing metal, within a few hours of the time appointed for the suspension of a successor. The accidental, or rather providential delay of the new bell thus saved many lives. It is most probable that the old bell purposely attracted the electricity from a feeling of jealousy at the honors paid to the new one; in short, it was a case of *felo de se.*

POISON being once at a dinner party, when the conversation turned upon Captain Cook and his celebrated voyages round the world, an ignorant person, in order to contribute his mite toward the social intercourse, asked him, "Pray, was Cook killed on his first voyage?" "I believe he was," answered Porson, "though he did not mind it much, but immediately entered on a second."

LAWYER C——(entering his friend's, Dr. M——'s, office, and speaking in a hoarse whisper), "Fred, I've got such a cold this morning, I can't speak the truth." Dr. M.: "Well, I'm glad it's nothing that will interfere with your business." C. finds enough of his voice to mutter some antiquated remarks about doctors being legalized murderers, etc., and bolts off to meet an engagement.


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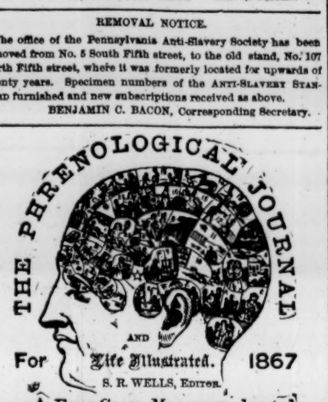


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